



FAMOUS

A WARREN MAGAZINE PDC

# MONSTERS

OF FILMLAND

50c

LAND  
OF THE  
GIANTS

EXCLUSIVE  
PHOTOS!

SPECIAL  
FEATURE

ANIMALS, CREATURES & THINGS!



**The Malted Milk Man melts again for all you true lovers of  
Monsters (famous and infamous kind)!**



# FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND

INCORPORATING MONSTER WORLD

**JAMES WARREN**  
founder & publisher

**FORREST J ACKERMAN**  
editor-in-chief

**BRILL & WALDSTEIN**  
art director

**RICHARD CONWAY**  
managing editor

**WALTER DAUGHERTY** special photography

NO. 55 MAY 1969



OUR COVER: A smashing bit of cover art illustrating this issue's feature story, **LAND OF THE GIANTS**.

## CONTENTS

### LAND OF THE GIANTS

The Adventures of Mini-Men & Micro-Women revealed in Tinyvision & Gigantoscope ..... 4

### ANIMALS, CREATURES & THINGS

A Special Feature for All you Loyal beastie-lovers... 10

### SON OF MYSTERY LINES

How many of these famous Quotes can you recognize?.. 18

### DRACULA 2000

Loyal FM Fans will read this one 2,000 times! ..... 19

### THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME:

#### LON CHANEY

The Quasimodo Story! A Giant FILMBOOK—18 Unforgettable Pages of Classic Pictures & Thrilling Text! 22

### MASTER MONSTER-MAKER MOURNED

A Word and Picture Tribute from FM to One of Hollywood's Greatest Talents ..... 40

### FANG MAIL (Incorporating—This Issue Only—FRANKENSCEINCE FILM NEWS)

Sweet Talk & Snickers from Our Readers and Info on Future Fantasy Flickers for Our Readers ..... 52

### MYSTERY PHOTO

Our Guessing Game may Bring You Fame! ..... 53

### THE UNHOLY 13

Cousin Eerie challenges YOU to Identify Correctly this Baker's Dozen of Creepy Quotes! ..... 57

### YOU AXED FOR IT

And We Sock It To You: Exciting New Pix from THE ILLUSTRATED MAN . . . DRACULA HAS RISEN FROM THE GRAVE . . . and THE VALLEY — WHERE TIME STOOD STILL (first shots of Gwangi!) ..... 58



See Page 11



See Page 32



See Page 40



See Page 58

FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND, MAY 1969 #55 PUBLISHED BI-MONTHLY BY WARREN PUBLISHING CO. PRICE 50¢ COPY, SUBSCRIPTION PRICE: 1 YEAR, \$3.00 IN THE U.S.; ELSEWHERE: \$4.00. EDITORIAL OFFICES AT 22 EAST 42ND STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. SECOND CLASS MAIL PRIVILEGES AUTHORIZED AT NEW YORK, N.Y. AND AT ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES. CONTRIBUTIONS ARE INVITED PROVIDED RETURN POSTAGE IS ENCLOSED; HOWEVER NO RESPONSIBILITY CAN BE ACCEPTED FOR UN-SOLICITED MATERIAL. ENTIRE CONTENTS COPYRIGHTED © 1969, BY WARREN PUBLISHING CO. NOTHING MAY BE REPRINTED IN WHOLE OR IN PART WITHOUT WRITTEN PERMISSION FROM THE PUBLISHER. PRINTED IN U.S.A. SUBSCRIBER CHANGE OF ADDRESS: GIVE 8 WEEKS NOTICE. SEND AN ADDRESS IMPRINT FROM RECENT ISSUE OR STATE EXACTLY HOW LABEL IS ADDRESSED. SEND OLD ADDRESS AS WELL AS NEW.

big frights for mighty mites

# LAND OF THE GIANTS

## the BIGGEST show off Earth

In the good old Circus Days, Barnum & Bailey promised "The Greatest Show on Earth". Famous for his production of Ray Harryhausen's *ANIMAL WORLD* and the long-lived TV series, *Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea*, Irwin Allen has come up with a new high in sci-fi video adventures in *Land of the Giants*. Immediately popular, the show has been extended thru the first 26 weeks of the '68-'69 season.

Irwin Allen himself describes the show for the benefit of latecomers:

"To begin with, *Land of the Giants* is exactly what the title states: it is a land inhabited by giants, people 12 times the size

of the 7 earth people who land in their midst.

"The new arrivals are passengers aboard a rocketship in suborbital flight in the year 1983 when they pass thru a space-time warp and are thrust onto this strange planet. Their puzzlement soon turns to horror when a mere *boy* on this new world picks up their craft. To him it's a toy!

"The boy is the humans' first contact with this unknown world's giant inhabitants. A burst of rocket power tears the 'toy' from the boy's hands. A brief, wild flight ensues and the terrified travelers land in a forest.

"How the Earthlings cope with these immense & formidable people provides a series



Like a scene from *DR. CYCLOPS*, hero of *Land of the Giants* is menaced by hand that could squash him like a bug.



Stranger in a strange land is the strange situations in which Kurt Kasznar finds himself.

of exciting adventures. As they strive to stay alive under circumstances of unparalleled peril, they also work with all their wits, courage & strength to get back home.

"The civilization they find in the land of the Giants is like that they knew back home on Earth. There are good giants & bad ones; intelligent, greedy & dumb giants. They use appropriately huge books, telephones, paper clips, cameras, shoes, spools of thread, pencils . . .

### "and they speak English"

"Yes, it would seem that English is the universal language. Anyone who has seen *PLANET OF THE APES* or read 'Gulliver's Travels' knows apes & horses found elsewhere in the universe speak English.

"And now even interplanetary giants.

"In making this series I have worked out a whole new concept for filming 'magic'. It is a technical process which allows us to show our travelers & the giants together in a single 'unmarked' film frame. And the Earthlings with giant insects & animals.

"We have had to think BIG all the way.

"And my answer to questions about this series & other work I have created & produced for TV & films is very simple:

"I love science fiction."

### and now, by popular demand

We bring you replays of exciting past episodes of *Land of the Giants*.

The hour known as *FRAMED*:

Capt. Steve Burton (Gary Conway) & Alexander Fitzhugh (Kurt Kasznar) are searching for a lens which they need to recharge the solar batteries of their rocket-ship.

While Steve & Alex are engaged in their desperate search, they observe a photographer (giant) strike his model with a rock, then try to make a sleeping giant hobo (Doodles Weaver) look guilty by planting incriminating evidence around him.

Steve & Valerie (Deanna Lund) team to take a picture of the 'plant' with the giant's own camera. Afterwards, they hide themselves in the camera itself, intending to get out and develop the film in the giant's dark-room after the photographer takes his camera home.

Succeeding after much difficulty in getting the picture developed, Steve then makes radio contact with passengers from the plane.

The garthlings rally 'round and distract the giant criminal, who is at last frightened into calling the giant police.

End of episode.

### gorak the mighty

#### UNDERGROUND:

Gorak is not a Tarzan of the Jungle nor yet a prehistoric beast like Gorgo.

Gorak is a professor, a giant professor (John Abbott), who is making a "giant" bid for freedom in the society of this strange planet.

Even on another world, rest & discontent is found among some of its citizens, and Prof. Gorak is the head of the Freedom Party.

During the course of the breathtaking hour, Steve, Dan (Don Marshall), Valerie & Fitzhugh are captured by Gorak, who uses them as tiny "hands" to recover a list of patriots' names from a vault at security police headquarters.

All sorts of difficulties are encountered.

For instance, the airduct leading to the vault is blocked.

And Fitzhugh, *mailed* in a package with a 2-way radio, to the police director, is dropped and rendered unconscious.

The other Earthlings try desperately to make the most of their miniature size to slip by the giant guards and a Cyclopean electric eye alarm system.

If you missed it, learn the ending on the rerun!

## **the incredible shrinking GIANT!**

### **THE FLIGHT PLAN:**

Another Earthman on the planet of

giants?

This is the startling discovery seemingly made by the survivors of the rocketship crash when they encounter another person their own size in this frightening land where the inhabitants are 70' or more tall. (And all insects & animals match them in size!)

The stranger is in ragged clothing and has a story to tell similar to that of the group from the rocketship.

"I too was a pilot," he tells Capt. Burton. "I crashed here many years before. Thank God now I can get back to Earth."

## **mighty joe**

The stranger is nicknamed "Joe" by the group when he professes to be suffering from amnesia.

But has he really forgotten his own name?

Or is there another reason for him to be pretending he can't remember certain things?

Steve is suspicious. Suspicious that "Joe" may not be a normal-size Earthman but, somehow, a—

Shrunken Giant!

Trapped in what is but a tiny glass container to the Giants but an effective prison to the Earthlings.





Upper Left, Kurt Kasznar as Cmdr. Alexander Fitzhugh; upper middle, Stefan Arngim as Barry; upper right, Don Marshall as Dan Erickson; Lower Right, beautiful Heather Young as stewardess Betty Hamilton; and, lower left, of course none other than the star of I WAS A TEENAGE FRANKENSTEIN, Gary Conway.



One of the enormous inhabitants of this world of kingsize things.

And, in fact, as the plot develops, it is revealed that what Steve suspects indeed is true:

"Joe" is a scientist giant who, after much experimentation, has perfected a means to reduce his size. To cut down his height to one-twelfth of "giant" normal. To make himself appear to be a member of Earth humanity.

## dark objective

But Joe-the-giant, the mad scientist turned man-size, has no humanity about him. He is, in fact, a rank villain, a villain of the *first rank*.

His evil intention:

To re-activate the terrestrial rocketship—Steal it—

Speed back thru the space-&-time warp—And arrive on Earth for 2 purposes:

To illegally obtain scientific data of great value.

And—

To outright plunder, seize material riches from the globe that mankind calls home.

Whether he succeeds with his plunder, makes a personal blunder or is thwarted in

his wicked scheme is the theme of **THE FLIGHT PLAN**.

## giant hunt

### MANHUNT:

A taut tale of a manhunt, with the difference being that the man is about as big as King Kong!

The Land of Giants has criminals . . . prisons . . . and escaped convicts.

A giant escapee from a penitentiary discovers the Earth spaceship and scoops it up in his giant hand.

Aboard the ship at the time are Dan, Barry, Valerie & Betty, who are considerably buffeted about the giant's action.

## slow sand

Then the convict slips into quicksand, which might better be called slow sand, for the sands of Time & Giantland start slowly to run out for him.

Eventually his breathing will be stopped when the fine particles clog his nostrils.

But Steve takes the stand that an attempt must be made to save the life of this giant, even if he has broken some law of the culture of his country, and so the others





Escape plans scotched by Scotch tape! During duo about to be dissected!

co-operate to attempt a rescue.

The quartet endures painful hazards in the treacherous quagmire till the co-pilot is able to use the ship's power to fly out.

The rocket is free but the ginat remains in the merciless graps of the quicksand. Minute by minute he is being sucked deeper & deeper toward his eventual doom: burial alive.

But Steve refuses to abandon the trapped titan. He tears strips from the giant's shirt and fashions a rope from it. With one end of the "rope" around the sinking colossus and the other around the ship, Steve uses rocket power to rescue the giant from the bottomless mud.

## land of many menaces

A bee, a spider, a rat, a cat, a blackbird, a match, a rainstorm—any of these & many more common & harmless to normal-size people can (and do) become frightful terrors to "lilliputs". You've seen such sights before in films like *DR. CYCLOPS*, *THE INCREDIBLE SHRINKING MAN*, *THE MYSTERIOUS ISLAND*, *ATTACK OF THE PUPPET PEOPLE*, etc., but never with such regularity as in *Land of the Giants*.

**END**



Sneaking up on the giant in the sneakers, Capt. Burton is about to make a sneak attack. Well, that's Shoe Business!



# ANIMALS, CREATURES & THINGS

how to tell the Its from the Whats and the Thems

## those beastly monsters

*THE BEAST* from 20,000 Fathoms . . .

*The BEAST of Hollow Mountain* . . .

*The BEAST with 5 Fingers* . . .

*The BEAST with 1,000,000 Eyes* . . .

*Beauty & the BEAST.*

What do these titles have in common?

What's that you say—they all start with *The*?

Wrong!

Don't forget *BEAUTY & THE BEAST*: no *The*.

Second guess: *BEAST*.

Right!

Go to the head of the class. (Gruesome, isn't it? Just a head. No body!)

Now let's examine these beasts. Five of them, and only 2 of them similar.

The beast from the brain of Ray Bradbury (the imaginary Harryhausen creature called a *rhedosaurus*) was an amphibious dinosaur. What it was doing at the 20,000 level is too deep for us to fathom, unless it was in league with Capt. Nemo. In any event, we've established that that particular beast was from the dinosaur family.

10

The beast that hollered around Hollow Mountain was described by one critic as "an upright mean dinosaur", something between an allosaurus & a tyrer. (A *tyrer* is an abbreviation we just made up for tyrannosaurus Rex, because in the first place our linotypist can never spell it right, in the 2d place we can never spell it right, in the 3d place can YOU spell it right?—and in the 4th place it's such a big mouthful that only a brontosaurus could swallow it.)

OK, 2 beasts turned out to be 2 dinosaurs. What about the beast with the 5 fingers? Not a beast at all, really! Actually, more of a thing—a dismembered human hand that crawled like a tarantula and choked like the devil and made Peter Lorre's eyes pop out larger than ever.

And speaking of eyes, what about the beast with a million of 'em? Actually it only had 2, plus a couple of tendrils & a couple of fangs. Truly, a *thing* from another world.

Of course the beast in *BEAUTY & THE BEAST* was a classic fairy tale were-animal, horribly bestial at times, its claws smoking after it had killed and consumed raw flesh; beautifully human when released from its curse.



**KONG**—The 8th Wonder of the World! Super Simian, Legendary Ape King of Skull Island—the Island Time Forgot but WE will Always Remember!

There are undoubtedly more, as this does not pretend to be a definitive article, but we just thought of another beast: *THE WAR OF THE COLOSSAL BEAST*. In this case it was a giant *man*.

## meanwhile, at the lagoon, things are looking black

Looking back on the films with "creature" in the title, we find most of them (3) have concerned the *same* creature, our old friend Blacky LaGoon. Besides *CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON*, *REVENGE OF THE CREATURE* and *THE CREATURE WALKS AMONG US*, there was Curt Siodmak's *CREATURE WITH THE ATOM BRAIN*, a sort of "Tom Swift & His Electric Zombies".

*CREATURE FROM THE HAUNTED SEA* was a sort of mythical sea monster.

## thingwise

"It's a wise Thing that knows its own mother"—Old Miskatonic Adage.

*THE THING FROM ANOTHER WORLD*, the vegetable that walked like a man, was kind of a bald-headed Frankenstein.

*THE THING THAT COULD NOT DIE* was a head that should have been dead hundreds of years ago but did bad deeds when it was connected again to its body.

*THINGS TO COME*—oops, wrong kind of things!

## characteristics & scare-actor-istics

What are some of the distinguishing features of creatures & things?

Well—



**Scary Skeleton of long dead inhabitant of PLANET OF THE VAMPIRES. If the Thing looked that spooky without its flesh, imagine how it must have looked with a body. (But FM disclaims all responsibility if you faint!)**

They are liable to be tall.

**KING KONG.**

**GODZILLA.**

**GORG.**

They are liable to be strong.

**MIGHTY JOE YOUNG.**

**THE BEAST OF YUCCA FLATS** (*ex-wrestler Tor Johnson as a man turned by an atomic blast into an inhuman beast of great strength*).

**THE INDESTRUCTIBLE MAN** (*Lon Chaney Jr.*)

They are liable to be slimy, oogle, tentacled things.

**CALTIKI, THE IMMORTAL MONSTER.**

**THE MONSTER THAT CHALLENGED THE WORLD.**

**THE BLOB.**

Many are scaly creatures.

**THE ALLIGATOR MAN.**

**THE HIDEOUS SUN DEMON.**

*The dragon of SIEGFRIED.*

## multimorphs!

"Multimorphs" means "many shapes", and that's what they come in, alright, these animals & monsters, beasts & creatures & things.

**Hairy:**

**THE ABOMINABLE SNOWMAN OF THE HIMALAYAS.**

**KONGA.**

**THE STRANGE CASE OF CAPT. RAMPER**

(with Paul Wegener, of **GOLEM** fame).

**Insectival:**

**THE BLACK SCORPION.**

**TARANTULA.**

**THEM!**

**Crustacean:**

**ATTACK OF THE CRAB MONSTERS.**

**Arboreal:**

**FROM HELL IT CAME** (living trees).

**Floral:**

**THE DAY OF THE TRIFFIDS** (moving plant terrors).

**Gaseous:**

**THE HUMAN VAPOR.**

**Electrical:**

**DOGORA.**

**Indescribable!**—the Xenomorph in Bradbury's **IT CAME FROM OUTER SPACE** . . . the cosmic cloud creature in **THE CRAWLING EYE** . . . the 1d in **FORBIDDEN PLANET**.

And, when Alex Gordon's **THE DESTROYER** breaks loose on the screen, a *metamorph* will be seen that's actually based on a story of the same name, "The Metamorphs" by Stuart J. Byrne.

## creepy-crawly

Here's the plot of a **THING** from Outer Space pic:

**THE CRAWLING EYE**, 85 minute long British film known in England as **THE TROLLENBERG TERROR**.

Sarah & Anne Pilgrim have a "mind-reading" act. On a vacation in Switzerland they meet Alan Brooks (Forrest Tucker), a UN scientist who is on his way to Trollenberg, a little town in the Alps where "unusual" things have been happening. Anne, acting strangely, insists that she & Sarah also get off at Trollenberg. In some mysterious manner she knows about gruesome events there, including the sudden appearance of inexplicably beheaded bodies . . . and an unearthly cold.

The girls are met by Herr Klein, who is astounded that Anne, a stranger to these parts, knows of the dreadful catastrophes.

Two mountain climbers leave for an ascent on the mountain and Brooks (Forrest) goes to the observatory of Prof. Crevett, who sent for him to investigate the weird occurrences. The professor tells Brooks:

"I believe the girl, Anne, is actually receiving telepathic messages from whatever is hidden in the strange cloud that hovers over Trollenberg."

Later Anne has another psychic presentiment and informs Brett & the professor: "I feel that the mountain climbers are in dreadful danger!"

Brooks phones a mountain hut and learns from one of the climbers that his partners has gone. Suddenly a scream echoes thru the phone and then the line goes dead.

A search party is quickly organized. As they climb they see an ominous clod receding from above the hut.

In the hut they find—

The *headless body* of the man who was speaking on the phone.

And over all there lingers a frosty chill of intense cold.

## mounting horror on the mountain

Meanwhile, the second climber is located and 2 villagers volunteer to rescue him. The first man to reach him recoils in horror when he sees—

The first climber's head in the second knapsack!

Climber #2 (Brett), in a strange hypnotic trance, attacks & kills his would-be rescuer.

The second man confronts Brett but doesn't see the terrifying tentacles of a *creature* encircling his body.

Back at the hotel Brooks is disturbed when he observes how peculiarly the dazed Brett is behaving. When Anne enters the room, for no reason Brett attacks her! Brooks knocks Brett out and together he & Anne carry him to a cellar.

Later, as Herr Klein passes the cellar door, Brett's arm shoots out and strangles him. Armed with a huge knife, Brett next comes across Sarah. When she screams, Brooks rushes to her rescue and shoots Brett.

But when the dead man's flesh *dissolves*, it is obvious that Brett has been under some alien spell of the—

## creature in the cloud

At that point a reporter rushes in, shouting wildly. "The cloud . . . on the mountaintop . . . it's breaking up . . . and visible in it is . . . some kind of hidden thing . . . horrible . . . an enormous eye . . . writhing tentacles . . . it's crawling towards the hotel!"

All rush to the safety of the observatory, all

**The Praying Mantis preys again in Universal's DEADLY MANTIS of 1957.**



except Hans, a foolhardy hotel attendant, who rushes outside toward the crawling eye.

Realizing she has left her little girl behind, a woman shrieks. Brooks rushes back, just in time to snatch up the terrified child from the tentacles of the awful eye-creature.

At the observatory Hans returns, a peculiar look in his eyes.

He attempts to strangle Anne!

But Brooks overpowers him.

Brooks now realizes that the Crawling Eye must have a cold climate to exist. It *can* theoretically be destroyed. By heat!

Brooks takes charge. "Gather all the empty bottles you can!" he orders the villagers. "Fill them with oil & saturated rags."

He slips outside and tosses one of the home-made bombs at the cloud creature.

The reporter attacks the thing but is swept off his feet by its slimy, octopus-like tentacle.

Brooks drags him to safety and radios for a UN plane to drop incendiary bombs.

The Crawling Eye attacks the observatory!

It almost gains entry when—

The bombs fall!

The diabolical eye of the cloud bursts into flames.

Brooks' theory proves correct and at last there is nothing left of the horror from space—nothing but memories that will cause nightmares for years to come, nocturnal dreams of a dreadful orb surrounded by terrifying tentacles wrapped in a cloud of death from the depths of space.

**The original super crab having himself a man sandwich, as first seen in the very first, collector's item issue of FM way back in Feb. '58. From ATTACK OF THE CRAB MONSTERS, early Roger Corman epic.**





**GOLIATH AND THE DRAGON**, AIP release of Italian pic seen in '60. Marcel (LOST WORLD) Delgado built the original model of the fire-breather, which now resides in the Dinorama Room of Hollywood's famous House of Fright.

## the thing with a sting

In conclusion, the tale of a different kind of creature, half human, half insect — **THE WASP WOMAN**. Susan Cabot, Film Group '59.

Miss Starlin (Susan) has reached her boiling point. Her board of executives cringes as she tongue-lashes them because sales of her beauty products have reached an all-time low.

To the rescue comes a Mr. Zinthrop (Michael Marks), a mysterious old man with a German accent. "I have made an amazing discovery which will revolutionize the cosmetics industry."

"VER-rrry In-terestink!" says aging Miss Starlin. (Oops! Wrong show.)

"I have been experimenting with the enzymes of the Queen Wasp," the doctor tells Janice; "but, here, let me show you." He injects an aged guinea pig and before Jan's very eyes the decrepit creature becomes young again!

Jan agrees to finance Zinthrop in further experiments so that *she* will get the first injection when the serum is perfected.

Friends of Jan—Bill, Mary & Wallace—fear

Zinthrop may be a quack and try to find proof of this.

Meanwhile, Zinthrop has improved his serum; injects the office cat, an old calico, and it becomes a puss-in-beauts!

Jan becomes impatient and takes matters into her own hands—or rather her own veins—by sneaking into the lab and giving herself a shot of the serum beyond the margin of safety. She fails to notice that the cat, which had briefly become a cut kitty, now lies in its cage—misshapen & dead.

Over night, years drop off Jan and the whole office is astonished at her youth & beauty. But Zinthrop is horrified when in the cage he finds what is described in the script as "a monstrosity that was once a full grown cat, then a kitten, and now something never seen by human eyes before, which lies contorted in its cage in death. The mouth is open revealing teeth far bigger than any house cat's, claws stretched out as if to attack. The open eyes stare sightlessly under tufts of coarse bristle-like hair. The animal is half again the size of a big house cat."



Above, the "sunset squid" that almost did Capt. Nemo in, in **20,000 LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA**. James Mason superbly played Jules Verne's famous submarine scientist, Master of the Mysterious Island.

Below, Tyrone Saurus (son of Al O. Saurus) does his thing in **ONE MILLION YEARS B.C.**, under the able animation of Model Monster Master Ray Harryhausen.





**Strongest Man in the Ancient World fights a Stegodrago in *HERCULES AND THE CAPTIVE WOMEN* (1963/color).**

Zinthrop incinerates the cat's corpse; then, in shock, walks out on the street and is struck by a car. While Zinthrop is in a coma, Jan gives herself another huge dose.

Wallace (head of the research dept.) has become convinced that the serum is a veritable fountain of youth and sneaks into the lab one night to give himself an injection when (script) *a thing that at first glance might be mistaken for a giant insect attacks him. Predominately human, its bulging eyes protrude from under a brow covered by silky hair. Each of the eyes is actually a ball composed of hundreds of individual eyes, each with its own iris. The brow spouts 2 antennae but the nose is a depressed blob of matter surrounding the most gruesome feature of all, 2 mandible-like objects that jut from the sides of the jaw.*

It kills Wallace. And, later, the nightwatchman.

## the shape of stings to come

Weak but able to work, Zinthrop returns to the

lab. Alone with Bill & Mary, he tries to warn them about Jan and the enzymes. Mary rushes off to try and find Jan. Bill & Zinthrop follow breathlessly.

Jan has changed—into something half wasp, half human, all monster—and has Mary in her grasp, it being her intention to paralyze her, bury her and, with the instincts of a wasp, feed on her later.

Bill & Zinthrop arrive before Jan can kill. She shoves aside Bill, attacks Zinthrop. Bill grabs a stool and attacks the were-wasp with desperation. But the hybrid horror's strength is fantastic and the 2 men seem doomed till Zinthrop, fatally wounded, with his dying breath throws a bottle of acid on the Wasp Woman.

Blinded, in agony, the creature that once was Jan stumbles thru a glass wall and into the wasps' nest. The infuriated insects attack. The mutated monstrosity staggers toward a window and a 25-storey drop. End of story.

End of article.

But not, we are sure, the end of ANIMALS, CREATURES & THINGS . . .

**END**



# SON OF MYSTERY LINES

By  
STEVEN  
JOCHSBERGER

Once again from the poison pen of the Frankenatave Monster comes direct quotations from ten of the greatest horror classica of all time. All you have to do is identify the linea, either by the actor who apoka them, or the creature featura in which they were said.



The often quoted and eloquent Boris Karloff is seen here in the role of the mute Frenkanstein Monster, gazing intantly at a book of Fairy Tales. (SON OF FRANKENSTEIN Universal 1939)

1. "Vetos you are mad!"
2. "The most complex thing known to man ... man himself."
3. "If I am—it is because man's hatred has made me so."
4. "Why am I not made of stone as thee?"
5. "Would you like some of my flowers?"
6. "You are 'Dr. Frankenstein' like your father?"
7. "Something's wrong Bohmer ... I can't see!"
8. "Some are dogs; these I beat. Others are wild animals; these I cage."
9. "Don't move if you value your life!"
10. "You fools, you're crazy to know who I am aren't you?!"

## ANSWERS

1. Boris Karloff to Bela Lugosi in THE BLACK CAT.
2. Peter Cushing to Robert Urquhart in CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN.
3. Lon Chaney to Marie Philbin in PHANTOM OF THE OPERA.
4. Charles Laughton to a Gargoyle in HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME (RKO 1939).
5. Girl to Boris Karloff in FRANKENSTEIN.
6. Bela Lugosi to Basil Rathbone in SON OF FRANKENSTEIN.
7. Bela Lugosi's voice (in Lon Chaney Jr.'s body) to Lionel Atwill in GHOST OF FRANKENSTEIN.
8. Boris Karloff in BEDLAM.
9. Peter Cushing to Christopher Lee in HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES.
10. Claude Rains to the mob in THE INVISIBLE MAN.

# DRACULA 2000

By **Sathanas Rehan &  
Viktor Vesperto**



**two of our readers tell a  
future tale of the king of bleeders**

DRACULA, lying in his cozy cold crypt, thought fearfully about the trouble in getting fresh blood nowadays (the beginning of the 21st centry), as a feeble spider crawled slowly across his unmoving hand. For several weeks now he had had to water down his emergency blood supply in order to make it last. If things grew much worse, he'd have to drive a stake thru his own heart!



He rose from his coffin and heard an unfamiliar sound.

If he had the energy left.

The sun went down . . . Raising his coffin lid, Dracula heard an unfamiliar whirring sound outside his castle. He smiled, thinking of blood, and hurried to see if another victim had come.

When he reached the outside, he was startled to see an unusual large cigar-shaped object. Two odd-looking persons, a tall blue-skinned man & a weird orange-skinned young girl stepped out of the vehicle and spoke to him thru their minds:

"Greetings, Earthling! We are people from Pluto on a mission to obtain a man from Earth for our Great Council. Come with us; if you find the condition unfavorable, you may return."

Being too weak to argue, Dracula agreed.

On the way to Pluto, the Count was asked what food he needed. When he answered "blood", instead of being surprised his hosts simply answered, "No problem. We'll keep you well supplied at all times."

\* \* \*

Dracula had had little time to keep up with astronomy or astronautics. Upon his arrival on Pluto he was delighted to discover it was dark most of the time, the weak wan sun barely seen even during the day. Since his eyes had had over 500 years to adapt to the dark, the night of Pluto suited him just fine.

Dracula was given a fitting mansion in Xemyra, capital of the united nations of Pluto. There he was treated like a king.

Three times during each of his waking periods a beautiful (if orange) maiden brought him a gallon of blood in a solid gold flask. He no longer felt the urge to leave his mansion to drain fresh red delicious blood from healthy young reluctant victims so he stayed home and minded his castle.

But one day, during a Plutonian celebration which everyone in the city attended, Dracula felt a great thirst for water. There appeared to be none in his castle. He went out into the streets, looking for a drinking fountain.

To his surprise, he found none.

After walking blocks & blocks (getting tired and about to turn into a bat in order to rest his feet) he suddenly saw a small building with a welcome sign on it: WATER BANK.

He opened the door and walked in. There was no one there; everyone was out at the celebration.

He reached for a large bottle of water, put it to his thirsty lips (for blood is salty) and drank gulp after gulp of the simple liquid.

Just then a police officer walked in — and looked horrified!

"Stop, thief!" cried the policeman. "You're under arrest!"

Dracula was so startled that he failed to resist. Or change shape and escape. He couldn't believe it was happening to him. He was used to people screaming bloody murder when he bit their neck for blood, but — *water?*

\* \* \*

They brought him before the Supreme Criminal Court of Pluto.

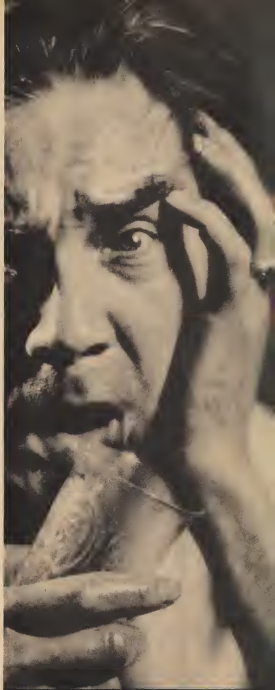
Completely puzzled, Dracula asked: "What have I done wrong?"

"*Wrong!*" thundered the Supreme Judge, his normally blue tendrils turning first brown with rage and then yellow with disbelief. "Wrong?! Why, you have committed the most unthinkable of crimes — *drinking water!* Holy *water*, the essence of *life* that *flows thru every Plutonian's veins!* In the last 500 years on Pluto, this is the first known case of a dread disease which we thought we had erased forever from our medical books!

"Your criminal behavior has thrown us back to the dark & superstitious ages of this planet!

"In 5 full centuries your horrible act of *water-drinking* has proven to be our first new case of VAMPIRISM!"

END



He drank the forbidden drink. Sentence: death!



# THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME

a tale of terror...torture  
...treachery...of a creature  
half man, half monster...  
a Filmbook of the horror  
classic that earned Lon  
Chaney immortal fame.

**A** UNIVERSAL SUPER JEWEL PRODUCTION was what the Studio proudly called its picture when they produced Victor Hugo's classic novel of the doubly crippled Quasimodo: contorted in mind as well as body. It is unlikely that I had yet reached my 7th birthday when I first saw *THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME* in 1923. And how it thrilled me! I probably believed every moment of it at



Esmeralda recoils in horror from close contact with Quasimodo.

the time. What did I know of the secrets of make-up then? It may have been the first time I ever even heard of Lon Chaney.

Late in January of this year I saw the Chaney version of *THE HUNCHBACK* again. (I have, of course, seen the Laughton & Quinn versions in between, and re-seen Chaney's film on a variety of occasions.) I do not mind telling you that, at 48, Chaney's performance still sent chills up & down my spine and I left the theater with a lump in my throat about as large as the hump on Lon's back.

To me, to see the Master of Them ALL in *THE HUNCHBACK* is still a rare & wonderful emotional experience. I hope I can share it with you in the following pages, partly with the story but mainly with the pictures collected over a period of 40 years.

Forrest J Ackerman  
Editor  
Famous Monsters of Filmland

#### Chapter 1 ESMERALDA'S STRANGE MEMORIES

I want to write down my thoughts in some sort or order because I feel they are somehow different from the thoughts of those with whom I live. I know that these Gypsies are my people, and still . . .

Life seems so mysterious to me, so full of strange patterns and grotesque figures . . . I try to explain to myself about it all and can scarce find the words to fit the feeling . . . But it is as if I had blundered from a real, *awake* world into a dream world and had never again been able to find myself a way out again . . .

I know that I am Esmeralda the dancer, and that Clopin is my guardian (a sort of father, I suppose); but I know, too, that I wasn't always Esmeralda, that I must, sometime, somewhere, have been somebody else, somebody very different . . .

I have such poor, frail little memories. They are not enough at all. They are not strong enough to guide me out of this dream world into the real world from which I must have come, a long time ago . . .

They are like this: I remember great, lovely rooms, with high ceilings and tall vases of sweet flowers and pleasant faces everywhere about, dissolving in and out of a sort of mist—one face lovelier than all of the others because it is so filled with love of me. I remember a shell-like thing, deep and warm and comfortable—a bed, I think; and I remember being tucked into it at night and then I hear sweet words murmuring in both my ears—words that sound like the words of the prayers Dom Claude says at the holy church, Notre Dame . . .



Quasimodo threatens to strike man who taunted him.

These things keep coming back to me, all of the while, but I can't make them clear. They want to come out of the mist. They are like poor shadows, lovely but lonely, too; and coming to me, they fill me with loneliness.

And after these memories I remember only Clopin, with his deep, deep eyes. Kind eyes for me. Kind eyes, too, for all the dream creatures who live in the Court of Miracles—

## Chapter 2 THE SHAPE-CHANGERS . . . AND OTHER PECULIAR PEOPLE

Ah, yes, the Court of Miracles! I must write of that, too. The Court of Miracles used to be so very wonderful to me when I was smaller. I believed in it like some little children I have read about in books believe in a being called Santa Claus. In the Court of Miracles real miracles happened. My friends would go out in the mornings, into the streets of Paris. One could find them, unexpectedly, standing on street corners, blind or halt and lame. One could find them on the broad steps of Notre Dame, begging with whining voices. That is where Clopin always sat, cringing, but with such a light in his deep, deep eyes. I never could quite tell whether that light was for love or for hate . . .

And then, at night time, they would all come back to the Court of Miracles, and as soon as they

came in, lo! the miracles! They were no longer blind, they were no longer halt nor lame. Clopin no longer cringed and whined, but sat instead upon an immense high chair and was the King of all the crowded figures.

And he used to say fierce things I didn't understand—then. He used to cry all the time, "Down with the Aristocrats!", and I didn't know for a long while that when he said "aristocrats" he meant the Beautiful Ones, for that is what I called them. The Beautiful Ones whom I would sometimes see driving by in fine coaches or dashing by on horses, brave and brilliant. I used to feel that they were the real ones and that we, who crawled and danced and wept about and around Notre Dame, were the funny nightmare things who would suddenly awake.

Of course we never did.

Now I have grown up, really, and I understand a great many things I never understood when I was little.

But it helps me to understand still better if I write down my thoughts on sheets of white paper. The little black letters on the fair white sheets straighten misty things all out for me. Someday I may know what all this is about. Some of it I understand now.

Dom Claude has helped me a great deal. He is the ministering priest of Notre Dame. He helps everyone. No one is too foul or too wretched for



Clopin & Quasimodo clash as Dom Claude attempts to restrain the Hunchback.

Villainy afoot as Jehan plots to use Quasimodo for foul purpose.



his kind white hands to minister to. His face is so thin that it sometimes seems as though his spirit shines right through . . . It will, someday!

Dom Claude has helped make many things clear to me—Clopin, for instance. I really love Clopin but sometimes I can't understand him. He is so strong and kingly when he is with his "people" as he calls them in the Court of Miracles; and he is kind to me and to the Gypsy Queen in our home. I know that he loves me very dearly and that he would die for me on the guillotine if need be. But I could never understand how he could be so cruel to other people and why he spent his days on the steps of Notre Dame, cringing and whining, when I *know* that he is brave.

Dom Claude says he is a strong, *twisted* soul. He says that Clopin has great *knots* in his spirit. And when I asked him if he didn't think I could untie the knots and make Clopin tall and whole, he sighed and shook his head and said, "Ah, my child, none but God can wrestle with the soul of Clopin, now!"

And then there is Sister Gudule, the poor crazy woman who lives in a sort of cell under the shadow of Notre Dame. Night and day and day and night she cries for her lost baby. Dom Claude says she is an example of a great love upsetting reason. He says that I should be very tender and compassionate with her because long ago the gypsies stole her baby and her baby was all her life to her. But Sister Gudule won't let me be kind and compassionate to her. Every time I pass she cries out upon me with horrible curses and cries. I feel that she hates me.

### Chapter 3 THE HOLY MOTHER'S CREATURE OF HORROR

And then there is the Hunchback of Notre Dame! Quasimodo, the one-eyed, the bandy-legged, ugly as an ape, the devil himself, I have heard him called. His face has been described as one of miraculous ugliness:

*Bulbous, bloated nose . . .*

*Horse-shoe mouth . . .*

*Little left eye stubbled up with an eyebrow of carrotty bristles, the right completely overwhelmed and buried by an enormous wen . . .*

*Irregular teeth, jagged here and there like the battlements of a fortress . . .*

*Horny tip, over which one of his teeth protrude like the tusk of an elephant . . .*

*Forked chin . . .*

And above all, the expression—a mixture of spite and melancholy spread over these horrific features.

His prodigious head is covered with red bristles. Between his shoulders rises an enormous hump, counterbalanced by a protuberance in front.

His thighs and legs are so strangely put together that they touched at no one point but the knees. Seen in front, they resemble two sickles joined at the handles.

His feet are immense, his hands monstrous, but with all this deformity there is a formidable air of strength, agility and courage, constituting a single exception to the eternal rule that force, as well as beauty, shall result from harmony.

He looks like a giant who has been broken in pieces and ill-soldered together.

When this sort of Cyclops appears on the threshold of the chapel, motionless, squat, almost





Quasimodo selects garment for girl (Esméralda) who has befriended him.

as broad as high, "the square of his base", as a great man expresses it, the people instantly recognize him by his coat, half red and half purple, sprinkled with silver bells, and, more especially, by the enormity of his ugliness.

#### Chapter 4 BY THE WORLD REVILED

Dom Claude says he is a poor blind soul living in a poor deformed body and that the world only gets in to him through crazy crevices and apertures.

He says that the Hunchback has animal instincts like all mankind and that he feels within his hideous body the revulsion of the world. Dom Claude says that the world to Quasimodo is just a parade of revolted faces and averted eyes and that he hates them all back again, with a hideous, uncouth frenzy. One can scarce reach his soul through the horror of his body, the good Dom says, and that is the tragic part of it.

"Has he no place where he can see the light?" I asked the Dom.

"The solemn bells of Notre Dame," the Father said, "they are the voices of his baffled soul to him. They are the only voices his soul can hear. They ring for him, at his behest. They are his gods. No friendship, no communion with God, no love of woman is possible for him. Only the bells are possible. Only what they say to him can he hear. He is as faithful to them as I to the Church I serve, as you to your ideals, as a man to his wife. In Death he will be likewise faithful to them. You may live to see that yet, my child."

I felt that I should be kind to him, but when I dance and he squats on the outer edge of the

circle watching me, I shudder and my flesh creeps. I recoil and my own recoil is mirrored in his eyes. He would crush me in his terrible hairy arms if he could.

I tell this to Dom Claude and the good man says that I must bear in mind that Quasimodo is one of God's creatures, too. "Only when you have suffered greatly, my daughter," the Father said, "only then will all the things of earth become bearable to you."

#### Chapter 5 "I FELT AS Q. MUST FEEL"

Today I saw Prince Charming.

I read of him once in a book Clopin got for me.

The fairy-tale book said that he was tall and smiling and clad from head to foot in shining armor. He wore a helmet on his kingly head, it said, and rode a dashing stallion white as milk. I never thought that I, Esméralda, a gypsy girl, would be granted a sight of him.

Now, almost every day, when my little tent is pitched in the square outside of Notre Dame and I come out to dance for pennies and applause, now, every day, Prince Charming is there, too.

Sometimes he only dashes by on his great stallion. Sometimes he pauses and watches me dance and his eyes meet my eyes and all the colors in the sky of morning and evening dance and swirl, like gorgeous scarfs, before me.

Clopin tells me to stop dancing when "the accursed Aristocrat" goes by. I have to do what Clopin tells me to. But nothing stops the dancing of my heart.

I don't even tell Dom Claude about Prince Charming. I fear he might not fully understand.



Chanay manaces heroine, Patsy Ruth Miller. (Nota Wolfman-like hairy hands, make-up similar to that used years later by his son in his characterization of Larry Talbot, the lycanthrope.)

The other night Prince Charming spoke to me. I felt as Quasimodo must feel when he hears the bells of Notre Dame speaking to his soul. My soul had never been awake until Prince Charming spoke to me. Then it woke up and I knew that I would never be the same again. I was transported, but I suffered, too. I suffered because I knew into what horrors I would fall if never again should his voice sing in my ears.

#### Chapter 6 THE DARK BROTHER

There is one person I do not fully understand. And the only other person about whom I have never spoken to Dom Claude. That person is Dom Claude's brother Jehan. Jehan sometimes comes to the court of Miracles and talks in low dark tones to Clopin. I do not think that Clopin likes Jehan but he thinks that Jehan can help him make things right for his people. Dom Claude says that the greatest knot in Clopin's soul comes from the fact that he cannot see that *all people in the world are His people* and not just the poor creatures that stay with us in the Court of Miracles.

I told that to Clopin, but he only groaned in a way he has and stroked my head and said that dreams were fair food for priests and angels.

But Jehan—Jehan looks at me when I am in any way near him. He always looks at me, his eyes following and following and following . . . His eyes remind me of the rats that sometimes slink along

the sewer sides and frighten some of our people when they are coming home from their "work." I am afraid of Jehan. I am much more afraid of him than I am of Quasimodo.

Lately, too, I have seen Jehan talking with Quasimodo and then I have seen Quasimodo shuffle away, licking his lips in a terrible way he has . . . I told the Gypsy Queen that I thought they were up to some mischief. "Clopin will take care of it," she said.

#### Chapter 7 IN THE CLUTCH OF Q.

I can scarce write this tonight, I am so frightened.

In the evening when I was coming home, wrapped in my cloak, I was suddenly aware of two skulking figures. Horrible.

All of a sudden I was seized and there was a sound of foul breathing and strange talk and then I realized that Quasimodo had me in his grasp and that the slight sinister figure of Jehan was crouched against the walls in the shadows, skulking, skulking, rat-like . . .

My screams died before they were born. This was the horror past horror: to be touched, to be grasped by Quasimodo . . . I was like to live in that most sickening vise, for die I could not for sheer force of horror, when, like a bright sword cleaving through the night, Prince Charming came charging upon us . . .



**Kidnapped by Quasimodo, Esmeralda faints. Insane Sister Gudule, in basement window, curses her, little realizing (till revelation at end of picture) that "gypsy" girl is her own long-lost daughter!**

In less time than it takes to tell I was rescued, mounted on the milk-white stallion. Ah, the cold feel of his armor! Ah, the brave strength of his arms!

He took me to an odd, small place and brought me wine and bread. He said that I must eat after so terrible an adventure. It was a curious place and a curious old woman served us and stood back of me, smiling strangely. Prince Charming told me that his name was Phoebus. He, too, was strange with me.

I talked to him a little of myself. I showed him the circlet my unremembered mother had once clasped about my throat. "I am not afraid to go about alone," I said to him "for my mother once told me that while I wore this chain no harm could befall me."

Phoebus was so strange then! He was quiet and told me that that day His Majesty The King had made him Captain of the Royal Guard. A little later he took me home.

#### **Chapter 8 BETRAYED & BEATEN**

They beat Quasimodo in the public place. Tortured him. They bared his monstrous body to the world and lashed him. That monstrous, poor body! Ah, God, how could they? How *could* they? Dom Claude has said they know not what they do. That must be so. And it was because of me. Quasimodo was arrested for kidnapping. Jehan made him do

it, that I know. But Jehan is the rat that hides in the sewers of Paris.


A crowd, to whom the appearance of 4 sergeants posted at the 4 corners of the pillory since 9:00 in the morning intimated that some poor wretch was about to suffer, had increased so rapidly that the sergeants had been obliged more than once to keep it back by means of their horses' heels and the free use of their whips.

The mob, accustomed to wait for hours for public executions, did not manifest any angry impatience but amused itself by gazing at the pillory upon which was a horizontal wheel of oak.

Quasimodo, tied to the tail of a cart, was at length brought forward; and when he had been hoisted upon the platform, where he could be seen from all points of the place, bound with cords and thongs upon the wheel of the pillory, a prodigious hooting—mingled with laughter and acclamations—burst from the mob. They had recognized Quasimodo.

Quasimodo never stirred; he did not so much as frown. All resistance, indeed, upon his part was rendered impossible by the chains and the thongs curring deep into his misshapen flesh. His face betrayed no other emotion than the astonishment of a savage or an idiot. He was known to be deaf, but you would have supposed him to be blind also.

He was placed on his knees upon the circular wheel. His shirt was ripped off and he allowed himself to be stripped to the waist without oppo-



Quasimodo must be dragged away  
forceably from the Judge after  
cruel verdict has been rendered  
upon him.

sition.

A roar of laughter burst from the cruel mob when it beheld Quasimodo's naked hump, his camel breast and his scaly and hairy shoulders. Amid all this mirth, a man of short stature and robust frame ascended the platform and placed himself by the side of the victim.

He was the fearsome master tormentor.

#### Chapter 9 THE WHEEL OF PAIN

The wheel began to turn as the flogger stamped his feet. Quasimodo shook in his bonds.

The amazement suddenly expressed in the Hunchback's hideous face drew fresh shouts of laughter from the spectators.

The tormentor raised his arm, over which hung a whip composed of long white glistening thongs, twisted and toothed with sharp bits of metal. The thin lashes hissed in the air like so many vipers and descended with fury upon the back of the unlucky wretch . . .

Quasimodo started like one awakened from a dream.

He began to comprehend the meaning of the scene—he writhed in his bonds.



The dull-witted hunchback does not understand what is happening to him as he is driven to the village square in an ox-cart.

Quasimodo tugs futilely at the metal chains which bind him to the slowly revolving Wheel of Pain.



A violent contraction of pain and surprise distorted the muscles of his face but he heaved not a single sigh. He merely turned his head one way and the other, balancing it like a bull stung by a gadfly.

A second stroke succeeded the first then came another and another.

The wheel continued to turn and the blows to fall. The swart shoulders of the Hunchback were afire with pain.

Quasimodo relapsed, in appearance at least, into his former apathy. He had endeavored, at first quietly and without great external effort, to burst his bonds. His eye was seen to flash, his muscles to swell, his limbs to gather themselves up, and the thongs, cords and chains to stretch.

The effort was mighty, prodigious, desperate; but the old shackles seemed too tough. They cracked and that was all.

Quasimodo sank down, exhausted. He closed his only eye, dropped his head upon his breast and feigned death.

## Chapter 10 SOUL OF A MONSTER

Time passed.

The fury of the people was expressed not less actively in their faces than their words. For an hour at least Quasimodo had been exposed to incessant ill-usage—slashed, jeered and almost stoned. Big drops of scarlet sweat fought their way along his back and bestial chest, staining the oaken wheel beneath him.

He was deaf but he was sharp-sighted. At first he slowly rolled around a look of menace at the crowd but then he struggled in his bonds and his furious contortions made the old wheel of the pillory creak upon its axis.

The crowd drew back in fear that the angry chained beast might break loose and revenge himself for his cruel treatment.

Suddenly, breaking his self-imposed silence, Quasimodo cried in a hoarse and furious voice, like the roaring of a wild animal:

*"I thirst!"*

This cry of distress served only to heighten the mirth of the good people of Paris. "Water! I thirst!" he cried repeatedly, only to be mocked and pelted with the foulest of liquids. There was none who would go near his hideous body.

I gave him water from the fountain, cool water, and covered his poor revolting body with the tattered garment they had torn from him. My hands touched his miserable flesh and his eyes—his eye—turned to see who had thus stooped to touch him. From the look on his face I shrank, shrank in some explicable way akin to the shrinking I feel when Prince Charming looks on me. I can't explain that. It is too deep for me. Only I knew that within the deep-dug wells of that unspeakable soul a love beyond man's feeble explanations was marvelously born. I had been kind to him. My hands had touched him. A woman's hands! His helpless flesh was powerless to say the things born in his half-blind soul. But I knew. I knew!

He groaned: "Thank you . . ."

## Chapter 11 "A MADMAN'S JEST"

Dom Claude said that I should suffer to know the pity of the world. Ah me, ah me! In a cell, in a prison cell, I have learned the pity of life



"I thirst!" cried the tormented wretch and the compassionate Esmeralda overcame her emotion of revulsion to bring him water.

and death and the limitless pain of love. But what is Life to me? And where is Love? *For they have killed Prince Charming!*

They have killed him and, in the Courts of the King, Justice has had it that it was *I* who killed him. *I*, who love him more than Life and all that Life can hold! I laughed in the face of the King's Justice. I laughed like laughter heard in hell. It was so horrible, a madman's jest. That I should kill Pheobus, whose every drop of blood is cherished in my heart.

And yet it was, in some sad measure, my own fault.

Pheobus had been made Captain of the Guard. A ball was to be given in his honor and he bade me go with him. I begged him not to do so mad a thing. I made excuses that I had no gown but Pheobus was masterful and had his way with me.

He must and would, on the night honoring him, take the fairest lady in all France to the ball. It was his heart's desire and who was I that I should hold from him his least desire?

*Jehan* saw us go into the home of the nobles. He told Clopin and they followed us to the house . . .

I would avoid recording that scene. After all, time is so short with me. Even now—the shadow of the axe—

## Chapter 12 DEATH MY ONLY RIVAL

Pheobus had given me into the care of two serv-

ing women and for the first time in my life I was dressed as—a noblewoman. It was curious how much at home I felt. More at home than in my gypsy rags.

And not only at home but happy when Pheobus came to lead me into the ballroom and told me again that I was the most beautiful woman in all of France . . . Madame de Gondelaurier and her daughter did not agree with Pheobus, I take it. Pheobus was in a manner engaged to Fleur de Lys, the daughter of Madame, before he and I had looked upon one another. She, Mademoiselle Fleur de Lys, was beautiful and fair, but somehow I felt no fear of her. Death was my only rival—even then.

We were in the ballroom when Clopin and his "people" came in. A terrific scene was impending, bloodshed and danger to my Prince Charming when I announced that I no longer cared for Pheobus. Ah, I know now how bravely women lie! Even there, among his friends, and with the infuriated Clopin and his friends threatening them all with death, even then Pheobus pleaded with me to convess our love.

And they say that I killed him! I! It seems to me that I shall smile upon the chopping-block at that absurdity. For I shall smile. With me the block shall be but the doorway to something perhaps better than this life. Our love has robbed the knife of all its pain.

But to get back: After that scene with Clopin in the home of Madame, I determined to enter



In his hands he holds his most prized possessions, his candles. These he is willing to sell to buy beautiful things for the Gypsy girl who seems the most beautiful thing in the world to him—next to his beloved Cathedral.

Now, half-wittadly, littla realizing he is doing wrong, Quasimodo does the bidding of the evil Jehan and accosts the lovely Esmaralda.



the Holy Church. There, in the garb of the nuns, I might find peace among those who must fore-swear all passion. I told Phoebus I would meet him once again in the holy garden of Notre Dame.

Then, in the moonlight, before I knew it—a stab in the back, and Phoebus lay at my feet . . .

### Chapter 13

#### "A MAMMOTH GRAVEYARD"

I do not fear the ax. It cannot come too soon. Now I know that I am separate from Clopin and his "people". The world and all its causes, lost and found, is but a mammoth graveyard to my heart, a mammoth graveyard monumenting my poor dead Phoebus . . . Poor human things . . . Phoebus who loved me not wisely but too well . . . Clopin with his knotted passionate soul . . . Jehan with that rat-like slime in his eyes . . . Quasimodo communing with the bells of Notre Dame . . . At last, at last—young as I am, made old and wise by love, I see that they go to the same goal by the varying paths of hate and love . . .

I have been taken away to rest. And after I have written these last words I shall rest well.

The day came when they took me to the block. Ah, bruised heart of the world and mockery of the "justice" of Mankind, what suffering I knew as I was led along the streets of Paris! And yet, it was not so much for myself that I bled as for the men who were doing this thing to me. It came to me how much of beauty men can kill for ugliness and pain. Phoebus, so young to die, and I so young to follow him—and so glad within . . .

Before I came to die they gave me leave to pray as is their custom upon the doorstep of Notre Dame. From within the great cathedral there came the chiming of the bells. The bells that told all Paris another victim was going to execution.

The bells that were being rung by Quasimodo. I thought of him, of his poor blind soul within his monstrous body. I thought of the stricken pity of his face and of the awful longing in his half-blinded eyes when they beheld my face. Because I had laid upon his misshapen self a kindly hand, he gave me the isolated love of his poor maltreated heart! Poor Quasimodo, that his should be the hand to ring my death knell! I prayed that he might never know what victim he was tolling to the grave!

### Chapter 14

#### SNATCHED FROM THE AX

*But he knew and he saved me!*

His task done, he bent, as was his habit, over the parapet of Notre Dame to watch, with the other spectators, the demise of another "victim". I could imagine, I can imagine now, how he must have chuckled when he knew that another of his tormentors was going into extinction, for all the world and all the men and women in the world were his tormentors to Quasimodo.

And then he must have seen me! I wasn't so much a girl, victimized and unfriended to Quasimodo; I was a soft hand that had touched his repulsive flesh and a kind face that had shone down to him out of the murky mists that hovered like a dark cloud, shadowing his dull mind.

His whole distorted soul concentrated.

All the disrupted elements in him came together, so Dom Claude has explained to me, and down



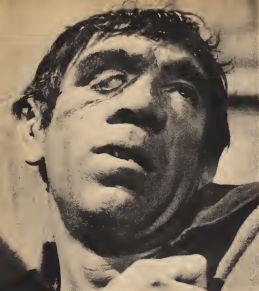


When they filmed the story of Cheney's life, **MAN OF 1,000 FACES**, this was the way James Cagney portrayed Quesimodo.



The "thin" Hunchback, slimmest of them all, was Anthony Quinn.

FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND



Quasimodo seems to grow more "human" with each interpretation. When last seen in 1957, he was not nearly as shocking as Lon Chaney. Still, not quite the kind of boy a girl would want to take home to mother—unless mother was a Munster.

the rope that led to the execution block, down from the dizzy height of Notre Dame, quietly, quietly, like a cat, swiftly, swiftly, came the Hunchback. Before I, before Dom Claude in the doorway, before the executioner or any of the crowd were aware of the grotesque blur against the sky, Quasimodo was upon me, had carried me within the sacred precincts of the Holy Church. "SANCTUARY!" he cried.

One cannot violate sanctuary. While I was within Notre Dame the executioner's ax was powerless.

Poor Quasimodo, how he tended me there! How he took his treasures—his treasured candles—and sold them that he might buy me a velvet robe for my body and slippers edged with fur for my feet! How he slept outside my door and awoke at my lightest footfall to gaze upon me with the enormity of his worship and subjection. I came to have an odd fondness for the slumbering mass that was Quasimodo. Under that massive flesh something splendid stirred from its ghoulish dreams...

Clopin was planning my salvation. Quasimodo had been *there*, at the Court of Miracles.

#### Chapter 15 OF MEN AND FLAME AND DEATH

And then the End. The horrifying, sensational, tragic end... for all but me!

Clopin and his "people" bombarded Notre Dame. They had heard that I was in sanctuary there, awaiting a new trial, and had come to "save" me. They arrived with burning spears and swords, with pillage and destruction in their soul. The



Quinn-modo goes to his cruel fete.

nobles were called out; the King's Guard and the opposing forces met at the entrance to Notre Dame.

Quasimodo and I watched the broiling madness of men and flame and death far beneath us. To me it meant only that Pheobus was dead but to Quasimodo it meant that some body of men was daring to desecrate the Cathedral.

Once again the twisted elements within his contorted body came together, this time to destroy rather than save, although no doubt he would have confused the two and said—could he have said—that the one time he saved me, whom he loved, and the next time he saved Notre Dame, which he loved even more, I think.

Ah, nightmare scene of horror!

Blocks of granite beyond the power of man to move an inch, with superhuman strength he carried them to the parapets and pushed them over, crushing those unfortunates beneath upon whose unsuspecting bodies they fell.

A huge length of lumber he grasped in his gnarled hands, staggered to the rail of the Cathedral, heaved the heavy wood upon the heads of those at the base of the church... and a moment later cries of anguish rose to the heavens as broken bodies writhed beneath the great weight that pinned them to the ground like butterflies.

Then Clopin's people seized upon the length of wood with glad cries of "The Hunchback has sent us a battering ram!" and began to break down the Cathedral door.

#### Chapter 16 QUASIMODO AMOK

At this Quasimodo went berserk. He all but



Trussed up like an animal, the Hunchback looks to heaven for mercy.

threw himself upon the mob. Quasimodo knew nothing of Japanese fighters' suicidal *kamikaze* death dives, for these mad acts of war were not yet to come for centuries; but he almost sacrificed his life in a lethal leap upon those massed below. No doubt he would have thought it well worth his life could he but wipe out a handful of the barbarians who were intent on entering the Cathedral.

Now a wild inspiration seized the wild creature. *The molten pots of metal!* He pushed first one, then another, to the edge of the parapet . . . tipped them over . . . and a rain of fiery liquid fell in scalding sheets on the thick-packed press of humanity!

The people fell like flies before a furnace blast, moths massacred by the scorching breath of a desert sandstorm as the red-hot "soup" of lead spilled upon their writhing, shriveling, perishing bodies.

Screams of pain split the air, dying moans of torment from the fatally burned.

High above, like a living gargoyle in his eyrie, Quasimodo danced an ape-like dance of exultation

and beat his drum-like chest with savage satisfaction.

It was an incredible scene of horror: that awful twisted figure silhouetted against the glaring, bloody sky, an engine of hate pouring over great buckets of molten metal, staggering back and forth to the parapets, teetering perilously on that high ridge of destruction.

Quasimodo—triumphant!

#### Chapter 17 DEATH OF A VILLAIN

But while he vented his rage and hatred on his tormenters below, a dark scene was being enacted elsewhere: suddenly the sinister Jehan confronted me and made plain his intentions to have me for his own.

I fought Jehan as best I could but my feeble strength was no match for his masculine determination.

I thought I would faint in horror when—suddenly—Quasimodo, bless his tortured soul, missed



Chained to the pillory, where the sands of time trickle s-l-o-w-l-y.

me . . . and came to my rescue. When his eye lit on Jehan and surmised the harm he meant me, the transformation in Quasimodo was appalling to behold. His nostrils flared. His bloodshot eye bulged. He snarled with the ghastly grimace of an unleashed jungle beast.

Then—he pounced.

He leapt upon the cowering Jehan like a wild thing bereft of his senses. He shook the craven coward like a rag doll. Smashed him to the floor. Dragged him to his feet again. Clutched him, carried him to the rim of the parapet, lifted him high over his head . . . and then . . .

The treacherous Jehan *stabbed* Quasimodo! Once . . . twice . . . the deep blade of the dagger drank blood to its hilt.

Over Quasimodo's horrible face there spread an awful expression of disbelief.

A life for a life! He flung the damnable murderer from him, watched him fall, like a black spider, in a wide arc to his dreadful death on the rough cobblestones below.

#### Chapter 18 QUASIMODO'S LAST ACT

For me, it was a moment of supreme horror, followed by a moment of supreme joy: Phoebus appeared—*alive!* At first I thought him a phantom a conjured vision of my fevered imagination which had been so sorely tried by the events of the past hour. But no—my dearest lived, a miracle whose explanation I was later to learn. Then, it mattered only that he was there, as if resurrected from the grave.

Quasimodo saw—and cringed as though from salt rubbed in fresh wounds. But then he made a sign, a sign of pathetic understanding, of forgiveness that it was not he for whom I felt the ultimate love.

And he crawled away to die. To the bells, his beloved bells. He tolled his own death-knell, told the world that Quasimodo the ugly, the unwanted, the unloved and hate-haunted, was quitting life.

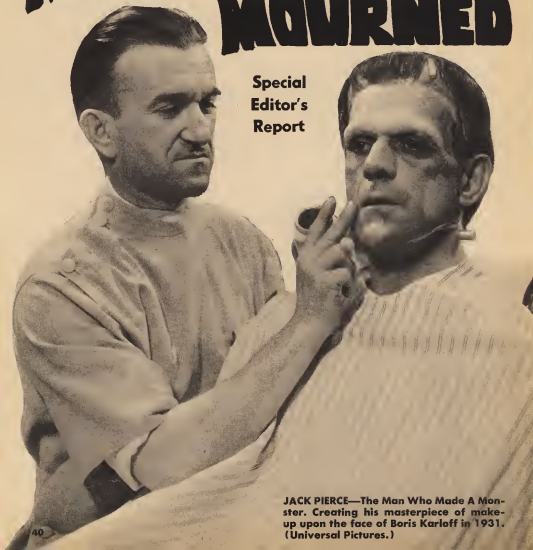
One last labored breath and he slumped in a heap and expired.

The Hunchback of Notre Dame was dead. **END**

# MASTER MONSTER-MAKER MOURNED

Jack Pierce Is Gone

Special  
Editor's  
Report



**JACK PIERCE**—The Man Who Made A Monster. Creating his masterpiece of make-up upon the face of Boris Karloff in 1931. (Universal Pictures.)



**A later Frankenstein make-up. In 1945, JACK PIERCE turns Glenn Strange into the**

**Strange One. (From HOUSE OF DRACULA, Universal.)**

## frankenstein's father

He built a monster.

Frankenstein.

And on his creation's broad shoulders, Jack Pierce climbed to the top of the pedestal.

The Wolfman.

The Mummy.

Ygor.

The Jungle Captive.

He made them the hard way, the old way, the original way that took half a day of tireless effort to transform, for instance, a mild, cultured Englishman named Boris Karloff into the most terrifying face seen on the screen since the late Lon Chaney had played Erik, the demented *Phantom of the Opera*.

That was in 1931.

On 19 July 1968, he died.

I believe he was born in Greece.

He was close to 80 when he passed away.

Passed away?

An unreal thing to say, for whenever FRANKENSTEIN and THE WOLFMAN and THE MUMMY and their sequels are revived, Jack Pierce will come alive and be remembered.

Applauded, even.

## colorful career

If Jack Pierce's FRANKENSTEIN had been in color, or if you had been permitted a peek into the inner sanctum of Jack Pierce's make-up room when

the picture was in progress, you would have seen—Well, here is what your bulging eyes would have beheld, as reported by a journalist of the time:

*He was 7 feet tall.*

*His place of incarceration was the innermost make-up room of that same City of Make-Believe where the Hunchback of Notre Dame had growled, the Phantom of the Opera had sung his fatal role, where Dracula had sunk into his last 500-year-old coffin, and the terrifying claws of the Cat had closed about the beautiful neck of the Canary—Universal City.*

*Prepared as I was, this terrifying man-made mountain, the grotesque shape, the abnormal features completely submerged the identity of Boris Karloff.*

*His lips were purplish-red, almost black.*

*The head was box-like, the top of it flat and the hair growing out like that of a Japanese doll.*

*The eyes were dead.*

*All the flesh showed was gray-green & blotchy and slashed all over with surgical stitches & clamps, where he was obviously put together, for Frankenstein's monster was put together, you remember, by the ambition-goaded young Dr. Frankenstein, according to the legend and the story by Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley. Here was a human life created by a human being in a scientific laboratory, and Karloff was that creation.*

*And JACK PIERCE was his creator.*

*As well as the creator of In-lo-terp.*

*And Larry Talbot's lycanthropic self.*

*And as late as 1962 he made up the artificial*



The application of yak's hair took 6 hours alone. JACK PIERCE developed 5 o'clock shadow himself while working on this make-up for Lon Chaney Jr. in *HOUSE OF DRACULA*, Universal 1945.



After wrapping Kharis in 400 yards of specially prepared gauze tape, JACK PIERCE applies liquid solution of Fuller's earth. (Lon Chaney Jr. in *THE MUMMY'S GHOST*, Universal 1943.)

people in the futuristic color film *THE CREATION OF THE HUMANOIDS*.

## praise for pierce

I spoke on the phone to the father of *THE ILLUSTRATED MAN*, Ray Bradbury, and Ray said of Jack Pierce: "How rare in any artform—writing, painting, motion pictures—that someone creates something truly individual . . . and frightening. Jack Pierce's creation will be remembered for hundreds of years to come. And so, in a way, Jack Pierce created & signed his own epitaph."

Bill "Morlock-maker" Tuttle, who won an Oscar for his make-up in *THE 7 FACES OF DR. LAO*, said to me of Pierce: "I only saw him about a half hour in my whole life. He was a strange one, what you call a 'loner'. He never mixed much with other make-up men. Like Lon Chaney, he never wanted to share any of his secrets. But there was no doubt about his genius!"

Verne Langdon, author of *FM's* series "The Men Behind the Masks", echoed Tuttle's tale of Pierce's pride in retaining an air of mystery around his work. "He would disappear into his make-up den and no one dared enter—not even the President of the Studio!—while he was at work turning a man into a monster. They knew his ability and respected his privacy. I felt it my duty to pay my last respects to him at his funeral. His work will outlive him."

And, coming out of his *TORTURE GARDEN* long enough to talk for print in *FM*, the author of *PSYCHO* said:

"In . . . 1931 . . . John Barrymore made *SVENGALI*, in which a beautiful young girl, Trilby, sang beautifully by remote control hypnosis. Her voice was applauded but no one in the audience was aware that a large part of the credit was due Svengali. To a large extent this was the fate of Jack Pierce—everywhere but among the true lovers



of fantastic films. The general public seldom stopped to think about the make-up on Boris Karloff or Lon Chaney Jr. but I'm sure that to every reader of *FAMOUS MONSTERS* his was a name to conjure with. If he was unknown to the average moviegoer, Jack Pierce was a Star, and rightly so, to the avid fan of the horror picture. And among those fans he could certainly count Yours Truly. He was the greatest."

## rest in peace

Only 24 persons were at the funeral of Jack Pierce, one-fourth the number that I counted at the funeral of Bela Lugosi, a man he had made up as Ygor and as the Frankenstein monster himself. As Jack Taylor observed, "It was a sad, almost pathetic affair." Taylor, himself a make-up artist, after the funeral wrote a good deal about Jack Pierce. With Taylor's kind permission we herewith publish for your benefit a number of his remarks:

*The mourners hardly filled a solid row of pews. A minister who had never met Jack P. Pierce, dean of Hollywood make-up artists, was bravely trying to speak of a man he had never met, but said little more than a few prayers and some kind words.*

*In the audience of 24 persons, only 3 were make-up artists. His union brothers sent flowers but most found it inconvenient to say farewell in person.*

**Bela Lugosi is transformed into broken-necked Ygor by JACK PIERCE in SON OF FRANKENSTEIN. (Universal 1939.)**

**PLANET OF THE APE-WOMEN? No, JACK PIERCE and his JUNGLE CAPTIVE. (Vicki Lane, Universal, 1944.)**





**Before & After.** JACK JIERCE turns the late Leo Carillo into a chummy mummy for **THE GHOST BREAKERS**, Universal, 1944.





One of PIERCE'S last make-ups: the androids in **THE CREATION OF THE HUMANOIDS** (1962)

*It might be said this was the usual funeral turn-out for movie pioneers; those that remain have come to expect it. A brief blurb in *The Times*, a precise, well-oiled service and a plot in *Forest Lawn*. Few have come to expect more than that.*

*"Who was Jack Pierce?" someone asked an usher. The man mumbled he wasn't sure and the subject was dropped. Somehow the modern father of *Frankenstein* seemed to deserve a better answer.*

*The rebirth in 1931 of the double-domed freak, invented by Mary Shelley, was a Hollywood milestone for two men, Jack Pierce & Boris Karloff.*

*Prior to Universal's decision to film the classic horror tale, Pierce was an undisguised make-up man and Karloff was enjoying almost bit player status among the casting departments of the various studios. His existence depended on landing small parts in major films or major parts in minor pictures.*

*At 42, Karloff's hand-to-mouth life made him question his chances of stardom. That year, however, a charm seemed suspended above his career. At a low point in his life he went to the Universal commissary for lunch and Jimmy Whale, one of the most respected directors of the day, asked him for a screen test. The part Whale was offering was that of the *Frankenstein* monster. The idea of wearing make-up that would completely hide his natural features shattered Karloff's dreams of glory but he accepted the role figuring it was work and he needed the money.*



**"Let us spray!" And Lon Chaney Jr. is turned into Mary Shelley's monster in *THE GHOST OF FRANKENSTEIN*, Universal, 1942.**



Dwight Frye & Ernest Thesiger marvel at JACK PIERCE make-up job on left. Would you believe what appears to be a skeleton is actually a 300 lb. man? Slim chance! (From *BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN*, Universal, 1935.)

Pierce was too busy during the day to experiment with monster make-up so he invited the actor to visit him at night when they could have the lab to themselves. No one expected more than a convincing face for a low-budget project (\$250,000) but the men became fascinated with the monster.

## night monster

Like the literary predecessor, the modern Frankenstein was made at night, a bit at a time. Pierce & Karloff worked for weeks perfecting the face they hoped would be accepted for the role of the monster. The men worked under a kind of compulsion which drew their best capabilities.

Few things an actor was ever asked to wear matched the painful, fatiguing, clumsy putty face Pierce invented for Karloff. "It took from 4 to 6 hours a day to make me up," the star said. "I felt like an Egyptian mummy as Jack ladled the layers of make-up on me."

The hours Karloff spent in the make-up chair were as tiring as his acting on the stuffy soundstage. He would sit motionless by the hour while the heavy putty & greasepaint were applied, hardly daring to blink during the entire process.

Smoking was forbidden because much of his fa-

cial make-up was flammable. Lengths of cotton soaked in collodion were used to simulate veins. Karloff's regular height was built up to 7½ feet and his legs were trapped into braces that prevented him from bending his knees. Thus was Frankenstein's famous shuffling, halting walk created.

The movie was made during the heat of midsummer on stages that had never known air conditioning. To increase his bulk, a thick padded suit had been made for Karloff. Inside this tent of sweltering material the star would sweat profusely. The moisture made his make-up crumble and small bits of the gritty material constantly dropped into his eyes. The pain resulting from this was almost unbearable.

To ease his way, Pierce stood by the actor's elbow throughout the day, touching up the face and removing with eyewash the grit from Karloff's eyes. The pair became friends because of their close relationship on the picture. Ever after, when he was interviewed, Karloff would lavish praise on Pierce for his genius in creating the monster's face with such convincing realism.

Through it all, neither Pierce nor Karloff even guessed their future careers would revolve around this single achievement. From the moment the monster flashed on the screen, both men were "typecast" in the role of monster-maker & monster-actor. For

Karloff it would be a blessing, for Pierce it would eventually force him into retirement.

The impressive profits of **FRANKENSTEIN** (\$12 million) induced Universal to make other horror films. After 2 more sequels to his original monster, Karloff never again played the mythical monster of Mary Shelley's invention, except once on TV, but Pierce was called upon to devise other subhuman creatures to rush before the cameras in the place of Frankenstein.

**THE MUMMY**, a story of a 3,700-year-old corpse who returns to life, teamed Karloff & Pierce again. Pierce also invented make-up for the Wolfman and numerous other evil monsters of mythology but none achieved the stature & acceptance of his first effort.

Then after 22 years at Universal Pierce was notified his services were no longer desired. The era on which his career had been founded was past. His techniques of using putty, burlap, collodion & Fuller's earth were too outdated. Foam rubber, plastics & other modern materials had replaced the older inferior products Pierce was used to working with.

Still his fame associated with Frankenstein continued to follow him. Once the host of a daytime television show asked him to demonstrate the appli-

cation of bulging eyes for the audience using the host as a subject. Unfamiliar with the appliances, Pierce put the plastic eyes in place. But one of the eyes had a tiny burr which scratched the host's real eye, causing temporary blindness.

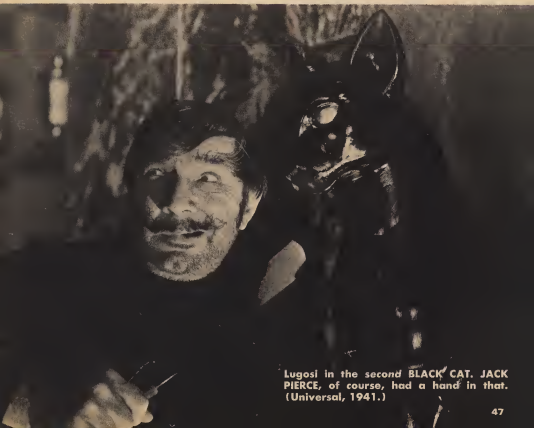
## pierce the pioneer

Commenting on the incident, one make-up man told me, "Jack was like that. He had plenty of nerve. He would try anything, even if he had never done it before, and usually he got away with it, but that time it backfired. Still you have to hand it to the guy, he was a genius with monsters—but it was almost the only kind of make-up he could do toward the last."

"Audiences turned to other fads in films and Jack found he had outlived his era. Studios didn't need him any more," Verne Langdon said.

So, at age 79, Jack P. Pierce, the last great pioneer make-up man, died near the studio where he achieved his greatest triumphs, alone, except for his wife. Forgotten were his times of genius, those rare moments when an artist & audience discover each other and a classic film is born.

Hollywood bid farewell by staying away.



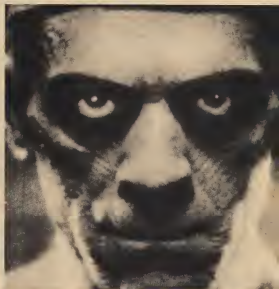
Lugosi in the second **BLACK CAT**. JACK PIERCE, of course, had a hand in that. (Universal, 1941.)



The BRIDE who shied away from FRANKENSTEIN: Elsa Lanchester, transformed by  
48 the magic hands of the late JACK PIERCE. (Universal, 1935.)



One of Jack's greatest: Karloff as Im-hotop in *THE MUMMY*, Universal, 1932.



Scarred by fire, the Frankenstein monster is scarier than ever as made up by **JACK PIERCE** in *THE BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN* (Universal, 1935).

But if Hollywood had ceased to care, rest assured, Jack Pierce, that *Horrorwood* cared. Very deeply. It is the belief of the editor of this magazine that, had it somehow been possible by television, radio & newspaper to have informed filmmonster fans several days in advance of the forthcoming funeral of Jack Pierce, there would have been an overflow crowd as there was at the death ceremonies for Peter Lorre. Many local fans said to me later, "Gee, I didn't know Jack Pierce had died."

And—BORIS KARLOFF didn't forget, Jack. Anybody should be proud to be remembered by Boris Karloff. At your funeral the King of Monsters proved what we always knew—that he has a heart of gold: when he learned the sad news far away in his home in England, he arranged for an expression of his last respects to you in the form of a beautiful floral wreath.

No, Mrs. Pierce, honored widow of the late, great Jack, Boris Karloff did not forget your husband & his achievements.

Nor did I.

Nor will—ever—his countless legions of admirers.

**END**

#### JACK PIERCE'S MAKE-UP MOVIES

By Gary Dorst & Bill Warren

ALI BABA & THE FORTY THIEVES (1944)  
 BLACK ANGEL (1946)  
 THE BLACK CAT (1934)  
 THE BLACK CAT (1941)  
 BLACK FRIDAY (1940)  
 BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN (1935)  
 THE BRUTE MAN (1946)  
 CAPTIVE WILD WOMAN (1943)  
 THE CAT CREEPS (1946)  
 THE CLIMAX (1944)  
 CALLING DR. DEATH (1943)  
 COBRA WOMAN (1944)  
 THE CRIMSON CANARY (1945)  
 DEAD MAN'S EYES (1944)  
 DRACULA'S DAUGHTER (1936)  
 DRESSED TO KILL (HOLMES 1946)  
 FRANKENSTEIN (1931)  
 FRANKENSTEIN MEETS THE WOLF MAN (1943)  
 THE FROZEN GHOST (1945)  
 GHOST CATCHERS (1944)  
 GHOST OF FRANKENSTEIN (1942)





1963 YEARBOOK



1964 YEARBOOK



1965 YEARBOOK



1966 YEARBOOK



1967 YEARBOOK



1968 YEARBOOK



#28 CHANEY UNMASKED



#31 SPECIAL CONTEST ISSUE



#32 CONTEST WINNERS



#33 THE HUNCHBACK



#34 JERYLL & HYDE



#35 DRACULA



#36 MAKE-UP CONTEST



#37 20 MILLION MILES



#38 CURSE OF THE DEMON



#39 NEW FRANKENSTEIN



#40 ANNIVERSARY ISSUE



#41 WEREWOLF OF LONDON



#42 FRANKENSTEIN WOLFMAN



#43 HOUSE OF DRACULA



#44 DR. WHO



#45 DR. BLOOD'S COFFIN



#46 VAMPIRE OF THE OPERA



#47 JAMES BOND



#48 GHOST OF FRANKENSTEIN

# LIKE INVESTING IN A GHOUL MINE!!

BACK ISSUES OF  
FAMOUS MONSTERS  
FOR YOUR PRIVATE  
COLLECTION!

The money you invest today may be worth the price of a triple horror bill a year from now!

Goodness knows how many yen they're already offering in Hong Kong for the KING KONG issue.

Badness knows how the value of the MUMMY issue has pyramided in Egypt.

Black E. Lagune of Draku Lake, Transylvania, writes: "THE LUGOSI MEMORIAL EDITION is being avidly sought after by collectors here at prices up to ten and a half ghoulars."

Peter Pickle of Dillsville, Calif. states: "I'd gladly pay three hundred dillers for the FIRST ISSUE!"

Is your FAMOUS MONSTERS collection complete? Buy now, trade later with fellow fans for issues you're missing. Better get yours NOW—while short supply lasts!

COLLECTOR'S  
RARE  
EDITION  
FAMOUS MONSTERS  
PAPERBACK

FAMOUS MONSTERS reprints the best from our first 5 years of publication—available at a bargain price in permanent paperback book form! A full 160 pages of rare out-of-print pictures of Boris Karloff, Bela Lugosi, the Chaney Sr. & Jr., Christopher Lee . . . all your favorites!



#49 NEW COMIC STRIP



#50 GORGOL



#51 WOLFMAN SPECIAL



#52 BARNABAS



#53 HAMMER'S HORRORS



#54 CHRISTOPHER LEE



MONSTER MAKE-UP BOOK

MAIL THIS TODAY!  
(OR ELSE!)



1963 YEARBOOK (\$1.20)	#40 (\$1)
1964 YEARBOOK (\$1.20)	#41 (\$1)
1965 YEARBOOK (\$1.20)	#42 (\$1)
1966 YEARBOOK (\$1.20)	#43 (\$1)
1967 YEARBOOK (\$1)	#44 (\$1)
1968 YEARBOOK (\$1)	#45 (\$1)
#28 (\$1)	#46 (\$1)
#31 (\$1)	#47 (\$1)
#32 (\$1)	#48 (\$1)
#33 (\$1)	#49 (\$1)
#34 (\$1)	#50 (\$1)
#35 (\$1)	#51 (\$1)
#36 (\$1)	#52 (\$1)
#37 (\$1)	#53 (\$1)
#38 (\$1)	#54 (\$1)
#39 (\$1)	#55 (\$1)
#40 (\$1)	#56 (\$1)
#41 (\$1)	#57 (\$1)
#42 (\$1)	#58 (\$1)
#43 (\$1)	#59 (\$1)

SLAKE-UP BOOK (\$1)  
MONSTER PAPERBACK (75¢)

FAMOUS MONSTERS BACK ISSUE Dept.  
Box #5987 Grand Central Station  
New York, N. Y. 10017

☐ I enclose \$\_\_\_\_\_ for the back issues.

☐ I enclose \$3.00 for a 1 year subscription, giving me the next 6 issues.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_

STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP CODE NO. \_\_\_\_\_

SORRY NO CANADIAN OR FOREIGN ORDERS



THIS ISSUE dedicated to DON WILLIS, whose contribution really "marx" the spot (he tells us his favorite comedians are the Marx Bros.)—Don is the filmmonster fan we all have to thank for most of the titles of new films listed in FANG MAIL this time.

#### WANTED! More Readers Like



EUGENE ELLIS

(Whose Lucky Mom works in the Post Office and gets to read all of Gene's subscription copies first—including EERIE & CREEPY!)

#### 1300-YEAR-OLD READER

At the age of 13 (centuries) I've read a lot of FMs. And to answer some readers' questions (and ask one of my own): the things on Godzilla's back could be described as "upright scales". (We always thought upright scales were the kind that gave honest weight.) The strongest monster would probably be Ghidrah. Where can I get the fanzine Photon? (From its editor, Mark Frank, 801 Ave. C, Brooklyn, NY 11218; 60c for a sample of a great filmmonster publication put out by a fan.) There is a quality in FM that keeps me buying it—besides the fact that it tastes good. (Like a "sure great" should?)

STEVEN FREEDKIN  
Chicago, Ill.

#### "STUDENT OF MONSTEROLGY"

I'm a 15-year-old girl and FM's (and Boris Karloff's) largest & most devoted fan. For quite some time I've been extremely interested in monsters, horror films & the like. (A student of "monsterology"! FM, together with the films,

provide enormous information. I just want to tell you how much I appreciate all of the hard work that is done at FM's headquarters.

LOIS EDMONDS  
Rome, Ga.

#### WANTED! More Readers Like



LOIS EDMONDS

#### THE UNHOLY 3

The 3 "beast" things about #54 were Cobb's cover (neat!), the Lon Chaney feature & the Filmmonster News. The information about planned horror & science fiction films is the most important part of any issue, to me. I can't wait to read what new shudders & wonders the movie makers of the world have up their sleeves.

TED REEVES  
Noonan, N. Dak.

#### FORTHCOMING FILMS OF FRANKENSCEINCE

CALL OF THE DEMONS  
THE DISMEMBERED GHOST  
EMPIRE OF DRACULA  
THE CORBEN CREATURE



Richard the (Electric) Line-Hearted

THE STOLEN AIRSHIP  
THE SHADOW OF THE BAT  
MURDERER FROM BEYOND  
THE GRAVE  
THE TUNNEL UNDER THE WORLD  
THE DARK (Karloff)  
LOGAN'S RUN (in the 21st century)  
THINGS TO COME  
(\$15 million remake)  
THE LAST REVOLUTION  
COLOSSUS  
IMPLOSION  
GHOST OF THE SNAKE-GIRL  
A CANTICLE FOR LEIBOWITZ (future)  
SKULDUGGERY  
PLANET OF THE APES REVISITED  
LAST STARSHIP FROM EARTH  
THE INCREDIBLE INVASION (Karloff)  
OPERATION MONSTERLAND  
MORE THAN HUMAN  
SON OF GODZILLA  
ISLE OF THE SNAKE PEOPLE (Karloff)  
QUATERMASS IV  
MAROONED  
TIMERUN  
THE HOUSE THAT DRIPPED BLOOD  
WHEN DINOSAURS RULED THE EARTH

#### MIGHTY JOE ... and



"Young" Friend TOMMY SCHLIETETT  
END

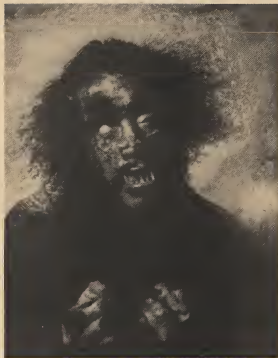
CONTRIBUTIONS submitted for publication should include Name & Address on each Letter & Drawing. The editor would LIKE to hear from YOU and to see a FOTO of each writer (please PRINT your name on back of picture). Write to:

Fang Mail Dept.  
FANGOUS MONSTERS  
22 East 42nd St.  
New York, N.Y. 10017

# MYSTERY PHOTO

NUMBER

33



## THE MYSTERY PHOTO TO END ALL MYSTERY PHOTOS!

This is a tough one, a rough one to recognize or guess.

We're not sure even the man in the disguise knows who he is!

Is it ROSEMARY'S BABY?

SON OF BARBARELLA?

SPACE ODDITY 2013?

The only clues we can give you are that this picture was taken with a "world-renowned Rokkor lens" (and if you never heard of that lens you're off your Rokkor!) and the star is that famous Transylvanian, Minolta Autopak.

If you happen to have seen the 2 Nov. 1968 issue of U.S. News & World Reporting, you might have seen this monster before.

But that's all we can say till nexttime.

## ANSWER TO MYSTERY PHOTO NO. 32



Take away the white beard, red horns, Spackian ears and what remains?

The devilish twinkle in his eyes.

Whose eye?

The guy who's confessed he is Rosemary's Baby.

The make-up was by Tony Tierney, a fan of FM from its earliest days and now a pro who is currently working on (are you ready for this title?) THE MUMMY MEETS THE WERE-JACKAL!

And the owner of the Face (?) Behind the "Mask"? He thought you'd never ask. But just as we went to press, proud father Alon U. Hershey phoned from Long Beach, Calif., to say his son Jon and Jon's pal Loren Snyder had penetrated the disguise of . . . the ACKER-MONSTER!

END  
53



**COMPLETE YOUR CREEPY COLLECTION NOW!** SEND THE COUPON BELOW FOR EACH BRAIN-BREAKING BACK ISSUE YOU'VE MISSED OF **UNCLE CREEPY'S** PULSE-SEATING PACKAGE OF TERROR TALES! BUT HURRY... THEY'RE GOING LIKE BLOOD AT A VAMPIRE CONVENTION!



...MAIL THIS COUPON NOW  
FOR SUBSCRIPTIONS OR BACK ISSUES OF *CREEPY*!

Enclosed is payment for:

- ☐ Collector's Edition #1 (\$2.50)
- ☐ Second Great Issue #2 (\$1)
- ☐ Thrilling Issue #3 (\$1)
- ☐ Fantastic Issue #4 (\$1)
- ☐ Finnish Issue #5 (\$1)
- ☐ Fright Issue #6 (\$1)
- ☐ Screaming Issue #7 (\$1)
- ☐ Jolting Issue #8 (\$1)
- ☐ Numbering Issue #9 (\$1)
- ☐ Tinging Issue #10 (\$1)
- ☐ Hair Issue #11 (75c)
- ☐ Trembling Issue #12 (75c)
- ☐ Throbbing Issue #13 (75c)
- ☐ Fearful Issue #14 (65c)
- ☐ Fading Issue #15 (65c)
- ☐ Blasting Issue #16 (65c)
- ☐ Shivering Issue #17 (65c)
- ☐ Incredible Issue #18 (65c)
- ☐ First Yearbook #19 (65c)
- ☐ Thrill Issue #20 (65c)
- ☐ Wild Issue #21 (65c)
- ☐ Screaming Issue #22 (85c)
- ☐ Shrieking Issue #23 (85c)

**CREEPY BACK ISSUE DEPT.**  
Box #5987 Grand Central Station  
New York, N.Y. 10017

☐ I enclose \$.....for back issues.  
☐ I enclose \$2.40 for a 1-year subscription, giving me a full 6 issues of future CREEPY Magazines!

NAME .....  
ADDRESS .....  
CITY .....  
STATE ..... ZIP CODE .....

☐ Fantastic issue #23 (65¢)  
☐ Incredible issue #24 (65¢)  
☐ Surprise issue #25 (65¢)

**All Copies Mailed  
in a Sturdy Envelope  
for Protection**



# GENUINE HAND-PAINTED MOVIE MASKS

## DIRECT FROM HOLLYWOOD!

Super De-Luxe heavy rubber masks cover the ENTIRE HEAD and still remain flexible. There are also some monster hands available (see coupon). Exactly like the actual masks and hands used in the famous Universal movies. Created for us exclusively by Hollywood's Don Post Studios and featuring the Secret Hollywood Skin-Textured Formula. Each remarkable mask is a Collector's item you'll treasure for years to come!

CAPTAIN COMPANY,  
P.O. Box 5987, Grand Central Station, New York, N.Y. 10017

Please rush me the following, for which I enclose \$

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> THE MAD DOCTOR MASK (\$34.00) | <input type="checkbox"/> THE CREATURE MASK (\$34.00)    |
| <input type="checkbox"/> MOLE PEOPLE MASK (\$34.00)    | <input type="checkbox"/> 3 CREATURE HANDS (\$17.50)     |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 3 MOLE PEOPLE MASKS (\$17.50) | <input type="checkbox"/> WOLFMAN MASK (\$34.00)         |
| <input type="checkbox"/> THE PHANTOM MASK (\$34.00)    | <input type="checkbox"/> 3 WOLFMAN HANDS (\$17.50)      |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 3 PHANTOM HANDS (\$17.50)     | <input type="checkbox"/> THE MUMMY MASK (\$34.00)       |
| <input type="checkbox"/> MR. HYDE MASK (\$34.00)       | <input type="checkbox"/> 3 MUMMY HANDS (\$17.50)        |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 3 MR. HYDE HANDS (\$17.50)    | <input type="checkbox"/> FRANKENSTEIN MASK (\$34.00)    |
| <input type="checkbox"/> THE GORILLA MASK (\$34.00)    | <input type="checkbox"/> 3 FRANKENSTEIN HANDS (\$17.50) |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 3 GORILLA HANDS (\$17.50)     |   |

Please add \$1.50 postage & handling for each mask, and \$1 for each pair of hands. SCARY, NO C.O.D.'S. OFFER GOOD IN U.S.A. ONLY.



FRANKENSTEIN



THE GORILLA



PHANTOM OF THE OPERA



MOLE PEOPLE



MR. HYDE



BLACK LAGOON CREATURE



WOLFMAN



THE MAD DOCTOR



THE MUMMY

## PAPERBACKS ILLUSTRATED ON THE OLD COMIC TRADITION!



### THE VAULT OF HORROR

Grizzly tales of cold-blooded terror that you'll (bleech!) never be able to forget...



### TALES FROM THE CRYPT

The first fiendish collection is a new series of 'hoh-heh-chilling' horror stories!



### TALES OF THE INCREDIBLE

Shocking stories of the strange, the unbelievable, the unexpected — from the unknown worlds of tomorrow and beyond.



### AUTUMN PEOPLE BY RAY BRADBURY

Who but Ray Bradbury could have created them... these ghastly figures drifting back from the world of the dead...

ANY 2  
BOOKS  
\$1.00

ANY 3  
BOOKS  
\$1.50

ALL 4  
BOOKS  
\$2.00

PLEASE ADD 20¢  
PER BOOK FOR  
POSTAGE & HANDLING

MAIL  
TO:

CAPTAIN CO., DEPT.  
P.O. BOX 5987  
GRAND CENTRAL STATION  
NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10017

Our Mystery Quotes get your votes as a popular Feature. How many can you correctly identify this time? Do you want harder quizzes—or easier?

by BILL ROBERTS



Are you a  
numb skull . . .  
dumb skull . . .  
or bum skull?  
If you get all 13  
right—brother,  
you've got  
some skull!

# THE UNHOLY 13

1. "Stranga as it may seem, this is my natural appearance."
2. "The spider spinning his web for the unwary fly. The blood is the life . . ."
3. "Two bullets in the heart—and he still lives!"
4. "He want for a little walk . . . you should have seen his face!"
5. "I'll show you who I am and what I am!"
6. "Was there anything about selling away your souls?"
7. "I am the point of contact between Eternity & Time."
8. "Death visited me this morning. We are playing chess."
9. "The tread of their feet whisper in my brain. I have no peace, for they are in me."
10. "My name is Scratch—I often go by that name in New England."
11. "This is the crowning indignity! I think that hereafter I shall be invisible—it's really less complicated that way."
12. "Yeare later 2 skelatons wera found locked in ambraca. When en attempt was made to separate them, they crumbled into dust."
13. "It comes from everywhere & nowhere. It dies away at dawn."

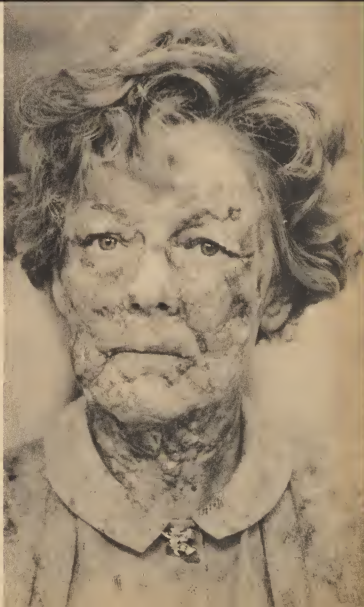
## ANSWERS

1. Frederic March to Sir Guy Standing in DEATH TAKES A HOLIDAY.
2. Bela Lugosi to Dwight Frye in DRACULA.
3. Basil Rathbone to Lugosi in SON OF FRANKENSTEIN.
4. The young crazed assistant to "Dr. Muller" & "Sir Whempier" in the Kerloff MUMMY.
5. Claude Rains to the policeman & townspeople in THE INVISIBLE MAN.
6. "Elfish" to "Ishmael" & "Queequeg" in Bradbury's MOBY DICK.
7. "Fredie March" to Sir Guy Standing in DEATH TAKES A HOLIDAY.
8. The knight "Antonious Black" to Bengt Ekeroth (Death pretending to be a confessor) in THE 7TH SEAL.
9. Simone Simone to Tom Conway ("Dr. Judd") in THE CAT PEOPLE.
10. Walter Huston (Satan) to James Craig in ALL THAT MONEY CAN BUY.
11. Sir Cedric Hardwicke (Death) to Lionel Barrymore & "Pud" in ON BORROWED TIME.
12. The narrator at the end of the Anthony Quinn HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME.
13. "Estelle" to Ray Milland in THE UNINVITED.

# YOU AXED FOR IT!

Send our request, by real-way or e-mail, to Dr. DoomBilla, FAMOUS MONSTERS, 22 E. 42 St., New York City, N.Y. 10017, and maybe you will be one of the lucky ones whose wish will be granted and whose name will be published. There's no charge—except the charge you'll get out of seeing YOUR NAME in print.

They did such a bee-utiful job of make-up in *THE DEADLY BEES* (Paramount/Amicus '66) that many of you have asked to see the Shape of Stings that Came again, so here's a close-up for NATHAN HIND, JERRY HEARD, SCOTT SHAW, LYNN SMIRNOW, WILL H. GRAY, SUZANNE KABBOTTE & BEA MAHAFFEY.



Demon-strating that "you can't keep a good vampire down," CHRISTOPHER LEE shows us that DRACULA HAS RISEN FROM THE GRAVE and we hope this still will give an appropriate shudder to LINA WELSCH, CAROL LAIRD, RENEE LEWIS, BETTY PAGAN, GLORIA LILLIBRIDGE, ELLY BLOCH, DOE COBUN & ROSEMARIE VON DER HEYDT.





# YOU AXED FOR IT!

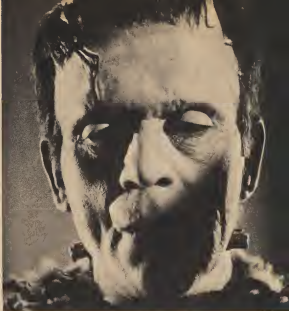
First foto from *THE ILLUSTRATED MAN* (Rod Steiger) will, we hope, prove a sight for sore eyes, especially the eyes of such Bradbury fans as **DONN ALLBRIGHT, BILL LOGAN, DENNIS ETCHISON, BEN JONES, HELEN LIEBER, LINDA JONES, ALEX KILL & MIKE MINOR.**

**CHRISTOPHER LEE** is one of the roles that won him an Anne Radcliffe Award from the Count Dracula Society. Together with **PETER CUSHING** he appears as *THE MUMMY* for Chris Cobun, Jeffrey DeBaun, Donald A. Reed, Sandy Smith, Gloria Lillibridge, Jas. Sheets, Edw. Tison, Kent Fleming, Wayne Tomberg, Clay McClean, Patricia Lee Scott, Patty Hill and Anthony Noble.



# YOU AXED FOR IT!

**FRANKENSTEIN** Monster #1:  
**BORIS KARLOFF** for Kim New-  
ling, Sheri McAdams, Jay Sheri-  
dan, Philip Essex, David Burnam,  
Bobby & Milly Waukee, Mike  
Hensley and Richard M. Warren.



**THE PLAGUE OF THE ZOMBIES**  
strikes Bob Tucker, Chas. "Yaur  
Greatest Fan" Perdue, Pat Pattin-  
son, Mary Suzanne Ditta, Carolyn  
Evelyn Karatin, Jay Gardan,  
David Lese, Richard Perez, Krista  
Nieman, Stephen Howard, Helen  
Bishoff, Allen Malinara & Mich-  
ael Dulka.





# THIS PLANT ACTUALLY EATS INSECTS AND BITS OF MEAT!

## VENUS FLYTRAP

**\$1.25 THE WORLD'S MOST UNUSUAL HOUSE PLANT!**

**A BEAUTIFUL PLANT!** The VENUS FLY TRAP is unusually beautiful! It bears lovely white flowers on 12" stems. Its dark green leaves are tipped with lovely pink traps—colorful and unusual!

**EATS FLIES AND INSECTS!** Each pink trap contains a bit of nectar. It is this color and sweetness which attracts the unsuspecting insect. Once he enters the trap, it snaps shut! Digestive juices then dissolve him. When the insect has been completely absorbed, the trap reopens and prettily awaits another insect!

**FEED IT RAW MEAT!** If there you're so sure in your house, you can feed the traps tiny slivers of raw beef. The plant will thrive on such food. When there is no food for the traps, the plant will feed normally through its root system.

**EASY TO GROW!** The VENUS FLY TRAP bulbs grow especially well in the home. They thrive in glass containers and will develop traps in 3 to 4 weeks. Each order includes 3 FLY TRAPS plus SPECIAL GROWING MATERIAL packed in a plastic bag. Only \$1.00.

ADMITTED BY CHARLES DARWIN, FAMOUS BOTANIST AND EXPERT

In 1875 Professor Darwin wrote: "This plant, commonly called Venus Fly Trap, from the popularity and success of its movements, is one of the most wonderful in the world. . . . It is surprising how it slightly does but of meat . . . will produce these heady results, and yet it is certainly a fact."



No Canadian Orders—U.S. Only



Shower insect touches sensitive hairs, causing trap to shut. Plant then dissolves & digests insect. Trap will bite at bait but will NOT bite off! more than it can chew—such as a finger or a pencil. In a few days, after eating an insect, it will reopen for more food.



CAPTAIN COMPANY, P.O. Box 5987 Grand Central Station New York, New York 10017

- ☐ Enclosed is \$1.25 plus 39¢ for handling & mailing for 3 FLY TRAPS AND SPECIAL GROWING MATERIAL. Rush!!
- ☐ Enclosed is \$2.00 plus 45¢ handling & mailing for 6 FLY TRAPS AND SPECIAL GROWING MATERIAL.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

FORREST J. ACKERMAN CHALLENGES YOU TO READ THESE . . .

## 4 BEST-SELLING COLLECTOR ITEMS

### THE SCI-FI WORLDS OF FORREST J. ACKERMAN & FRIENDS

Yes, at last, Mr. Filmonster has selected 60,000 of his own thrilling words for publication in one book. READ: Donovan's Brainstorm, Micro-Man, Dhochtwhul — Remember?, Dwellers in the Dust, and the story you've heard about for 10 years. Letter to an Angel PLUS: "The greatest article I've ever written about imaginations!" FJA: When Frighthood Was In Flower.

25 great stories and features that only FJA could have conjured up in his cosket of horrors. With a brand-new collaboration with the Master Mind of Science Fiction, A. E. von Vogt!

FJA warns his fans not to haunt the newsstands for these other thrilling books, unless they can take chills and thrills out of this world — and survive!

### OUT OF THE UNKNOWN

For seekers of the unknown, who can take their thrills and live, don't miss this spooky, eerie, creepy collection of stories that mix horror with sci-fi, bringing you sea creatures, ghosts, demons and witches galore. 7 slithery shockers that promise to keep you electrocuted to your seat, written by master and mistress of the castle of horrors, A. E. von Vogt & E. Mayne Hull.

### SWORDMEN OF VISTAR

"You'll thrill to Charles Nuetzel's new world of 30,000 B.C.! A Tale of adventure such as no longer exists in the 20th Century!" FJA. "Sparks fly from blades of blood in this 'Swordcery' novel!"

This first time in print full-length thriller of a glamorous goddess, heroic swordsman and cliffhanging perils — plus horrors of magic by Xollo the Wizard — will take you back into prehistory in a fantasy adventure not soon to be forgotten. — Fully Illustrated!

### IMAGES OF TOMORROW

For 13 frightening fantasy flights into tomorrow, Nuetzel's Images of the future will thrill the reader time and again.

SPECIAL ATTRACTION: Each book has an exciting wraparound cover by famous FM artist Albert Nuetzell.

# NEW COMIC STRIP HERO KITS!

This easy-to-assemble authentic replicas of the world's favorite comic book characters can now be yours!

## SPIDERMAN



## ALL KITS—\$1 EACH

## DICK TRACY



## ROBOT

from LOST IN SPACE



## WONDER WOMAN



## SUPERMAN



## THE HULK



## DICK TRACY SPACE COUPE

COMPLETE WITH  
LUNAR PLATFORM  
& 4-MEMBER CREW



Send \$1.00 plus 39¢ postage and handling (total \$1.39 for each kit) to:

CAPTAIN COMPANY, P.O. Box 5987  
Grand Central Station New York, New York 10017

# NEW!!! JUST ARRIVED

## GODZILLA

Monster from a million years ago. Now you can build a perfect replica of this Ancient Terror-Monster. His massive feet smash cities, his fantastic power are always ready to strike with the force of a hurricane.



## KING KONG

The first and greatest of them all. Terror of the Ancient World... Marvel of the Ages. All can be recaptured when you build this perfect model with all the messy details that almost bring King Kong back to life.



# MOVIE MONSTER MODELS

## PHANTOM OF THE OPERA

The mask is off. The mind is now completely gone... mad. Frantic eyes peer out from a face etched in horror. Here is all the detail of the Ghost of the Paris Opera. Dressed with cape, black tie and tails, with his companion the sewer rat and lizard, his mask held high. And below, the dungeon window thru which an eerie face watches the outside world—and screams for revenge.



**THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME.** As you start to build this greatest of all Monster Characters, you will see not only the physical ugliness, but the beautiful soul that made Len Chaney's performance a great classic. QUASIMODO, the HORRIBLE, is on the block in the city square. A vicious rope hangs around his neck. His hands are in chains, his throat is perched with thirst. He looks up in ghastly fear at his tormentors.



**THE MUMMY**—you'll be delighted at the musty smell of old Egyptian tombs. The real life death-like look with fascinate you as you put the Mummy together. BE CAREFUL how you place the sacred stones that contain the magic signs—or there can be trouble. The snake—but you knew all about that... don't you?



**FRANKENSTEIN**—This great model is made up of 25 separate parts. When complete it stands over 12". You paint yourself with quick drying enamel, and when finished the menacing figure of the great monster appears to walk right off the GRAVESTONE base that is part of the kit.

You'll shake! You'll tremble! You'll shudder with delight as you assemble these authentic, life-like kits of the most marvelous monsters that have thrilled and chilled audiences over the past 30 years on the "silver screen." These perfectly scaled model kits are made of styrene plastic by Aurora, quality manufacturer of scale model hobby sets. All models stand 12"



**WOLF MAN**—in all his gory splendor, arms upraised, ready to clutch his next victim. Complete in every detail, this kit when you assemble it... before you run out at the room, is a detailed scale model of "WOLF MAN" surrounded by his favorite playmates.



**DRACULA**—The count of mid-night, hands stretched out in his famous "Terror Stance," looks at you with taunting eyes and grasping hands. Fang-like teeth hunger for the taste of blood. In a twisted trance hang two of his favorite hot pets.

tell and come complete in every detail, just as you see them here. Each model has approximately twenty five separate pieces complete with all the exciting touches. You point these yourself with quick drying enamel, and when you're finished, the menacing figures seem to come to life and look as if they'll start prowling around your room.



**THE CREATURE FROM THE LAGOON**—We dare you to put this one together. Horrifying, straight from the water. Assemble with caution so that you don't stab yourself on the razor sharp claws. Watch the head as you attach it... sharp teeth.

CAPTAIN COMPANY,  
P.O. Box 387 Grand Central Station  
New York, New York 10017

Hurry up and send it! I never thought I'd get the chance to build my very own MOVIE MONSTER. The basement is ready... my fingers are itching to get to work. I want a:

- ☐ THE MUMMY KIT . . . \$1.00 plus 35¢ for postage & handling.
- ☐ CREATURE FROM THE LAGOON . . . \$1.00 plus 35¢ for postage & handling.
- ☐ FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER KIT . . . \$1.00 plus 35¢ for postage & handling.
- ☐ DRACULA MONSTER KIT . . . \$1.00 plus 35¢ for postage & handling.
- ☐ WOLFMAN MONSTER KIT . . . \$1.00 plus 35¢ for postage & handling.
- ☐ THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME MONSTER KIT . . . \$1.00 plus 35¢ for postage & handling.
- ☐ PHANTOM OF THE OPERA MONSTER KIT . . . \$1.00 plus 35¢ for postage & handling.
- ☐ GODZILLA . . . \$1.49 plus 35¢ for postage & handling.
- ☐ KING KONG . . . \$1.49 plus 35¢ for postage & handling.

NAME .....  
ADDRESS .....  
CITY .....  
STATE .....



## THE WERE-WOLF

A 10,000-year-old legend of bestiality comes to life, tearing the screen to terrified tatters in the body of a bloodthirsty beast. Right before your horror-struck eyes! Only \$4.95.



## WAS A TEENAGE WEREWOLF

You asked for it! The companion film to "I Was a Teenage Frankenstein" Teenage boys hate to horrify. The Werewolf who mauls the high school students. Exciting, terrifying film. Only \$5.95.



## FRANKENSTEIN MEETS THE WOLFMAN

WHO COMES OUT ON TOP . . . Frankenstein or Wolfman? We won't give it away, but here is a 2-Monster Movie that doubles your fun as you watch the world's earliest adventures fight it out for the world's Monster Championship. Full of thrills and chills for Monster Movie collectors. 8mm, 160 feet, \$5.75.



## I WAS A TEENAGE FRANKENSTEIN

A MAD DOCTOR sets out to create the most fearsome monster ever born. He winds up with a TEENAGE FRANKENSTEIN combining a boy's body, a monster's mind, a creature's soul. Will the doctor live to regret his diabolical accomplishment? This presents movie, a real thriller, gives you the answer. 8mm, 200 feet, \$5.15.



## REVENGE OF FRANKENSTEIN SUPERNATURAL TECHNICOLOR!

FRANKENSTEIN GETS EVEN and his "revenge" makes this the scariest monster movie ever made. The Salkar Walker gives an unforgettable performance. The dark, dark mood of this film is not for the light-hearted. Full of fight and might, it is just right for your Monster Film collection. (Available in both black & white or in Technicolor.) This 8mm film is a full 200 feet. Black & White, \$4.95; Technicolor, \$14.95.



## THE BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN

FEARFUL FRANKENSTEIN monster Boris Karloff wants to marry Elise Lombard. Nothing stops this marriage except . . . not even the fact she is 7 feet tall, is wrapped in ghastly gauze . . . and has ragged stitches around her neck. A classic film every collector should own! 8mm, 160 feet, \$5.75.

## SON OF FRANKENSTEIN



In a nightmare of stark terror and violence the revived Monster threatens death and destruction to a panic-stricken community. Only \$5.95.



## KARLOFF IN THE MUMMY

WOULDN'T YOU KNOW that only Boris Karloff could be as honorable as the original MUMMY! Back in 1932 he let the Hollywood studio "bump" him for hours, wrapping rotting gauze, spraying chemicals, baking it all with day. No wonder Karloff was so wonderful as THE MUMMY . . . he felt so horrible he took it out on the film's victims. You'll find just that, though, as you watch his eerie performance. 8mm, 160 feet, \$5.75.



## THE MUMMY'S TOMB

DON'T EVER sneak into a Mummy's Tomb. If you do, you may be in for the same ravage as in this movie. A centuries-old mummy starts out to avenge the slaying of his dying in Egypt. How he does his dirty work, and the chills involved, make THE MUMMY'S TOMB a fan-fan-dreary, excitingly eerie film. 8mm, 200 feet, \$5.95.



## THE VAMPIRE BAT

Most famous and ORIGINAL VAMPIRE film, starring Lionel Atwill, Melvyn Douglas, Ray Wherry and Dwight Frye. Full of Vampires, weird characters, mad scientists, etc. A real shocker. Full 200 feet, 8mm, \$6.95.



## THE UNDEAD

CAN THE GRAVE OPEN UP and give forth its ghastly, ghastly secrets. It sure can, and in THE UNDEAD it does. A horror screams from the grave. In this idea of night on evil come start a chain of events. You'll sit on the edge of your chair as you walk with THE UNDEAD. 8mm, 200 feet, \$5.95.



## THE BEAST WITH 5 FINGERS

WHAT HAPPENS when stark, staring madness takes over in a famous concert pianist's home? Who is the Beast with 5 Fingers? Peter Lorne shakes through this horror movie at his dramatic best. As scary after terror scene unfolds, you sit on the edge of your chair in absolute terror. This famous film is now available for the collector. Order today. 8mm, 200 feet, \$5.95.



## TERROR OF DRACULA

Original 1922 version. Full 400 foot version, full of terror, excitement and sensational thrills. A must for the horror film collection. Half-hour running time. 8mm, \$10.95.



## BELA LUGOSI AS DRACULA

DAUNTLESS DRACULA is at it again, slinking through London for his victims. Bela Lugosi gives one of the greatest performances of his career, in this classic film. Fiends, vampires, screams . . . in this famous film. Add this to your collection . . . It is tops. 8mm, 160 feet, \$5.75.



## Edgar Allan Poe's TELL TALE HEART

THIS FAMOUS SOUND MOVIE is available, at last, for private collectors. Edgar Allan Poe's creepy, eerie tale of "THE TELL TALE HEART" is a never-to-be-forgotten classic. Here, in 8mm, Ebrahime Saeed, you get the original Columbia Pictures film. The incomparable James Mason gives a master narration. You will cherish this film. Order today. 8mm, 200 feet, \$12.95 plus 25c for postage.

## BELA LUGOSI CHILLS YOU THE HUMAN MONSTER



Original Edgar Wallace version. Terrifying and chilling. Frankensteins to haunt you again and again; a real shocker for friends you ask to see it. Full 400 feet, 8mm, \$11.95.

## LON CHANEY AS THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA



MARY PHILBIN's famous "d'Amore" unsmiling scene. Earle and Dorothy. Famous original movie scene, available for first time in 8mm. Add it to your collection. \$4.95! Plus 25c postage.

- ☐ The Werewolf, \$4.95
- ☐ I Was A Teenage Werewolf, \$5.95
- ☐ Frankenstein Meets The Wolfman, \$5.75
- ☐ I Was A Teenage Frankenstein, \$5.95
- ☐ Revenge Of Frankenstein, Black & White, \$4.95
- ☐ Revenge Of Frankenstein, Color, \$14.95
- ☐ Bride Of Frankenstein, \$5.75
- ☐ Son Of Frankenstein, \$5.75
- ☐ The Mummy, \$5.75
- ☐ The Mummy's Tomb, \$5.95
- ☐ The Vampire Bat, \$6.95
- ☐ Terror Of Dracula, \$10.95
- ☐ The Human Monster, \$11.95
- ☐ The Undead, \$5.95
- ☐ The Beast With Five Fingers, \$5.95
- ☐ Dracula, \$5.75
- ☐ Tell-Tale Heart, \$12.95
- ☐ Phantom Of The Opera, 50 Ft., \$4.95

CAPTAIN COMPANY,  
P.O. Box 5-67, Grand Central Station  
New York, New York 10017

Please rush me the following, for which I enclose \$\_\_\_\_\_ plus 25c postage & handling for each film checked:

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY \_\_\_\_\_  
STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP CODE NO. \_\_\_\_\_



**AMAZING OFFER!**

**NOW!  
YOU CAN  
JOIN THE  
GRUESOME**



**FAMOUS  
MONSTERS  
OF FILMLAND**

**CUB!**  
**ABSOLUTELY FREE!**

HOW MONSTERISH ARE YOU? How would you like to be a member of the super-super FAMOUS MONSTERS CLUB? We will let you in absolutely free. You will get AN OFFICIAL BADGE... A CLUB CERTIFICATE... and a Bonafide MEMBERSHIP CARD with YOUR NAME on it. And you'll get all these if you'll agree to let the mailman deliver a full year's subscription to FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND MAGAZINE. Sounds good, huh? It sure is and here's why:

**MONSTER CLUB MEMBERS  
GET ALL THIS:**

READERS who get regular copies of FAMOUS MONSTERS MAGAZINE delivered by their mailman are lucky! They get to see the greatest photos & stories in monster-dom quick as the magazine comes off the monster printing presses. By taking a MAIL SUBSCRIPTION for a year they are guaranteed to get each and every copy, no chance of having them all sold out at your favorite newsdealer's. 6 TIMES a year the mailman drops up to your door with his Gracula smile, hands you the newest, scariest, most grotesque reading there is. AND YOU CAN ENJOY every minute of it. AND GET A FREE MEMBERSHIP in the FAMOUS MONSTERS CLUB, just for subscribing for a year to the magazine you want.



**FILL OUT COUPON AND YOUR  
MEMBERSHIP STARTS AT ONCE!**

SUBSCRIBE NOW and your FREE FAMOUS MONSTERS MEMBERSHIP KIT will be rushed to you. Fill in and mail coupon now.

**MAIL COUPON TODAY —**

FAMOUS MONSTERS  
SUBSCRIPTION DEPT.

P.O. Box 2947 Grand Central Station  
New York, New York 10017

DEAR HEAD MONSTER:

I want a FREE MEMBERSHIP in your great FAMOUS MONSTERS CLUB. Please rush my badge, club certificate and membership card with my name on it. I have checked below the subscription I want for FAMOUS MONSTERS Magazine.

- ☐ I enclose \$3.00.\* Please enter my name on your subscription list, and mail me the next 6 issues of FAMOUS MONSTERS.  
☐ I enclose \$5.00.\*\* Please enter my name on your subscription list, and mail me the next 12 issues of FAMOUS MONSTERS.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY \_\_\_\_\_  
STATE \_\_\_\_\_ Zip Code \_\_\_\_\_  
\* Outside U.S.A., \$4.00. \*\* Outside U.S.A., \$4.00. Please allow 8 weeks for your subscription to be processed.



# FAMOUS MONSTERS 1969 YEARBOOK!

**HERE  
IT IS!**

**THRILLS!  
SHRILLS!  
CHILLS!**

**HUGE TREMENDOUS COLLECTION!**



Get ready, get set... GO GET THE FABULOUS 1969 YEARBOOK of FAMOUS MONSTERS! Bigger, better, gruesomere... ghastlier than ever. Just coming off the giant monster presses. 84 PAGES, and horror-packed with page after page of KARLOFF, LUGOSI, CHANEY, LEE, AND ALL your old favorites from the Monster Screen! HERE, in a huge, scare-packed 84 pages, are hundreds of exclusive FAMOUS MONSTERS photos, stories, articles and background items. A RARE COLLECTOR'S YEARBOOK, sure to increase in value and interest year after year.

**ORDER BY MAIL!** A LIMITED NUMBER of reserved copies will be mailed to the first readers who fill out the coupon below. Act now! Let us know that you want one of the 1st copies of the 1969 FAMOUS MONSTERS YEARBOOK. It will be rushed to you. And you can thrill to this TRULY AMAZING, 84-PAGE MONSTER ANNUAL.

**Get one of the Reserved COPIES Delivered by Your Mailman!**

**ONLY  
60¢  
USE  
THIS  
COUPON!**

FAMOUS MONSTERS 1969 YEARBOOK,  
WARREN PUBLISHING CO.  
P.O. Box 5967 Grand Central Station, New York, N.Y. 10017

Please send me an advance copy of FAMOUS MONSTERS 1969 YEARBOOK. I enclose 60¢ (the cost of the Yearbook) plus 10¢ to cover mailing & handling charges. (Total 70¢)

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP CODE \_\_\_\_\_

All Copies Mailed  
in a Sturdy Envelope  
for Protection.





# OUR LEADER



HEY!  
LOOK  
AT  
ME!

## TURN ANY SNAPSHOT INTO YOUR VERY OWN... **MONSTER** GIANT Poster

BE THE FIRST TO HAVE  
THIS PERSONALIZED  
**MONSTER BLOW-UP**  
...A FULL 3 FEET BY 2 FEET  
SIZE FOR YOUR WALL  
OR CEILING!

ONLY  
**3<sup>95</sup>**

**INCREDIBLE! AMAZING! NEVER**  
ANYTHING LIKE IT BEFORE! YOUR  
OWN FACE, BLOWN-UP TO A **HUGE**  
SIZE, RIGHT ON THIS FANTASTIC  
**MONSTER POSTER!** HANG IT  
UP ON YOUR BEDROOM WALL, CEILING  
OR DOOR, ANYWHERE. POSTER IS  
3 FEET BY 2 FEET, ON QUALITY, HEAVY  
PAPER. JUST SEND US YOUR SNAPSHOT  
(ANY SIZE FROM 2 1/4" x 3 1/4") IN BLACK & WHITE  
OR COLOR. NO NEGATIVES. YOUR ORIGINAL  
WILL BE RETURNED WITH YOUR POSTER.  
**SPECIAL DEAL:** ORDER 2 POSTERS  
(GET ONE FOR YOUR GIRL FRIEND, ETC.) FROM  
THE SAME PHOTO FOR ONLY \$7.95.

CAPTAIN COMPANY  
P.O. BOX 5987 GRAND CENTRAL STATION,  
NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10017.

ENCLOSED IS # \_\_\_\_\_ AND \_\_\_\_\_ PHOTOS  
FOR **GIANT Monster Poster** (s)  
PLUS 39¢ FOR POSTAGE AND HANDLING.  
GUARANTEED TO SHOCK THE PANTS  
OFF PARENTS AND FRIENDS!

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

**NO C.O.D.'s - OFFER GOOD IN U.S.A. ONLY!**  
**MONEY BACK GUARANTEE IF NOT SATISFIED!!**

**CLIP AND MAIL TODAY!**

# Elect Frankenstein PRESIDENT

**2012**  
is his year!



**HE NEEDS ALL THE VOLTS HE CAN GET!**

This is a paid political poster brought to you by  
The DREGS Committee to Plug a Monster into the  
White House!